

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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No. 10.

## Around Town.

Signor Ramponi approaches about as nearly the typical stage villain as anything in real life that I have recently heard of. This child of a sunny clime seems to be a moral idiot. Tradition tells not why he left sweet Italy, but his brief career in Toronto would indicate that he left it for Italy's good.

With a culture that indicates that his home was not poverty-stricken and a bearing which may suggest good-breeding he had advantages which, coupled with principle and even rudimentary knowledge of the difference between *menum* and *trum*, would have made him a place in Toronto society and brought him many honest dollars as instructor in the languages.

But Signor Ramponi, whoever he may be, was too anxious to get rich, and did not tarry till he became sufficiently prominent to give him immunity from the cruel claws of the law. His entrance into society, and his exit out of it, seemed to have occurred in the same evening.

monkey who refuses to make the cash returns as promptly as he should.

Ordinarily a foreigner is viewed with suspicion unless he has that wonderful nerve which makes him at once adopt the upper ten of the town as his boon companions and treat them with the air of condescension that suggests his familiarity with a much higher class.

But apart from how he came to be adopted, his disgraceful conduct looms up as a marvel of utter indifference as to who gets into trouble as long as he gets out of it. We seldom see, outside of the melo-drama, the purloiner of cigarette cases and trinkets with enough cold and cheerful nerve to go to a lady and ask her to accept the odium of presenting him with an article pilfered from a mutual friend. He did not seem to think of what that young lady's fate would have been had she consented. Doubtless he did not care. It was nothing to him that she might be suspected of having taken the trinket herself. His warm and sunny nature inclined him to the

positions had been of the foolish and romantic type, and had agreed to help him, what would have been the result, even if their story had been believed? If he or she had been kept out of the police court and the thing quieted down, every married lady of the scoundrel's intimate acquaintance would have been suspected not only of pilfering trinkets but of dishonorable intimacy with a man whom she had been silly enough to entertain. A little whisper, a faint suspicion and a shrug of the shoulders would have met the victim everywhere; and her husband, if he had a small soul or was given to jealousy or suspicion, would lose his confidence in her, and, in the language of the heroine of *The World Against Her*, she would "live in the shadow of an uncommitted sin."

Looking at Signor Ramponi in this light his scoundrelism appears appalling, but is it any worse than that of some men who do not come from Italy, and have not been expelled from society, but who whisper innuendoes and sneer with frigid brutality at the virtue of women who are as pure as the mothers of their tra-

ing a cigarette case was immediately thrust into jail while men who stole the Central Bank were given time to go south. It is a queer world, my just masters and fair mistresses! A queer, queer world, where people try to cover up their little sins by committing greater ones and are forgiven according to their success in the higher walks of robbery.

Lovers of the drama will do well to read Mr. Jones' lecture on another page. I know it pleased me, and nothing of more benefit to theater-goers and amusement seekers than some sort of standard by which they can judge of what they see.

"The New Parson," of which I saw the proof, is a brilliant satire. In reading it I thought how well the writer in a quiet way had pointed out to me the manner in which preachers would be treated if they sermonized according to their impulses and their knowledge of the meanness of the world. Still, if preachers are not faithful to their ideal, to whom shall we look as exemplars of the faith that fears no suffering; and for the uplifting that heeds not the going down

be condoned. If this idea be carried to its logical conclusion burglars should be set at liberty on their restoring the spoons and silverware they have stolen in their midnight expeditions, and what a frightful state of society that would produce! Burglary would become, as forgery and embezzlement are rapidly becoming, a mere gambling transaction in which the man is safe who gets off with the loot or is able to return it if captured.

But it does not follow that the men who have been summoned for the condoning of William Selby's offence are guilty of the charge. They are men whose character for commercial uprightness has stood the test so long that no hasty judgment should be pronounced. I, for one, feel sure their innocence will be proved.

I doubt if there is a bank manager in Canada who has not at some time condoned offences of a similar sort. It is becoming such a popular way to settle disputes, and banks are so anxious to have money obtained by fraud returned to them, that they have not looked very sharply



THE FLOWERS' REVENGE.

For Letterpress see page 6.

His career somewhat resembles that of the young man who went through college by entering at the front door, and being immediately kicked out at the back.

It may puzzle some people how the man got an invitation to go anywhere, but it seems as natural to me as falling down a well. Our society is very cautious in admitting to its select circles anyone who is known. The man who has been seen with a parcel wrapped up in a newspaper or who has kept a store or driven a bakery wagon within the memory of the present generation is naturally enough offensive. The trouble with him lies in the direction of knowing too well who he is. This objection cannot be raised against the foreigner who comes from anywhere without credentials, and may be the son of a nobleman, for all we know.

The haunting fear that he may be the offspring of a rag picker or fish pedlar is at once dispelled if he has a haughty bearing, wears a cape on his coat and can smoke cigarettes in two or three different languages. I have seen an Italian with the hauteur and lofty step of a descendant of Tiberius turning the crank of a hand organ or jerking with a string the sportive

belief that such a sacrifice would only be a just tribute to his manly worth. Such a man would cheerfully see the best and most self-sacrificing woman a life convict in the treadmill rather than take thirty days with hard labor for his own offence. He is the kind of a man—if he deserves the name of man—who for an hour's triumph or the gratification of an ephemeral passion would ruin a woman's future or wreck the happiness of a home. Everybody and everything, except himself, according to his pleasant creed, was meant to trample on or kill.

With a chivalry seldom seen off the tragic stage, he spoke of some married woman whose reputation he was anxious to save. This reads like a chapter from Ouida. Yet it was a fiction likely to deceive a romantic girl, who is apt to forget that no good man ever has occasion to shield married women from compromising situations in which he is one of the participants. Men with any idea of honor shield the foolish wives of their friends by refusing to be a partner in their folly or their guilt.

But assuming that the sensible young lady to whom he made these disgraceful pro-

ducers? There are men who sit in their club-room and tell stories of their conquests, who laugh at the weaknesses of women who were foolish enough to trust them; men who offer to introduce their associates to the plaything of which they have wearied! Perhaps these men have not nerve enough to steal cigarette cases or take chances of a few months in the Central, but they are the most skulking cowards and hideous things that God permits to live.

I have in my mind half a dozen sad-eyed women who are going through life with their heads bowed down and their hearts bleeding because some big-mouthed ruffian boasted in his cups of being loved by them "not wisely, but well."

Society is not itself good enough to dare forgive those who have sinned or who have been suspected of sin, and it is almost too much to hope that some day woman's sins against society may be as easily forgiven as heartlessness and dishonesty.

Another great moral lesson which we can draw from this is that the man accused of steal-

into the valley of the shadow of death in order to reach the glorious summits on the other side?

The prosecution of Messrs. Manning, Strathy, Snelling and Rogers has created considerable excitement and has assisted in creating a still greater feeling of disquiet in business circles. That no guilty man should escape, no matter how high his social position or financial status, is in theory a generally received, and in practice, generally disregarded axiom. In this matter, however, the prosecuting attorney and police magistrate seem to have resolved that the matter shall be sifted to the very bottom. Compounding a felony is a serious charge, and the frequency of the offence is really becoming alarming. It is notorious that defaulting bank officials, and dishonest clerks, who have the favor of social position, and forgers with influential friends are every week being exempted from prosecution on the repayment of money criminally obtained. In this manner crime is being made simply an offence against property rather than against morality, and the idea is strengthened that when an individual wrong has been

after the conviction of the offenders. It is time all this was changed, but it is to be hoped the men accused in the present instance will prove their innocence, and not be made the "frightful examples" which are so urgently needed to warn those who are continually doing this sort of thing, and to correct the abuse which is every day becoming a more serious matter. The people of this country cannot tolerate special leniency towards wealthy offenders.

It has been suggested by those who recognize Mr. Mowat's great difficulty in filling the vacant shrievalty and registrarships which are at his disposal, that he could settle the matter by that same lofty adherence to principle that assisted him in quieting the many claimants for the shrievalty of Toronto by appointing the remainder of his sons to the remainder of the offices in his gift, and in default of a sufficient number of sons to go round that the remnant of the nominations be left to a meeting of the Pinafore order where his "uncles and cousins and aunts" would gather together and take the matter into "their most serious consideration."

Don.



## To Correspondents.

Write on one side of the paper only, and spell names so plainly that a blind man could read them in the dark. Brevity is the soul of good correspondence, but brevity does not imply meanness in the matter of facts, description, and news. Matter, to be of use for the next issue, must reach the office not later than Wednesday of each week.

The evening of Thursday of last week will long be remembered by those who enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Campbell at their splendid house in the Park. Carbrooke is so large a house that a hundred and twenty or so of guests was not more than enough to prevent its looking the least bit empty. It is delightful to be at a dance without being in the least crowded or cramped in any place whatever. Not even in the hall, so often a pit fall which comes near ruining so many a ball, was there any of this sort of discomfort. In the large dining room one could sup in comfort, while the spacious ball room would not have been overcrowded by twice the number of guests. No trouble had been spared in the preparing of numberless nooks and recesses, and full advantage had been taken of the special facilities which the house offered in this respect. I believe if all who were present had wished to sit out the same dance a separate alcove, or room, or corner, could have been found for each couple. A special word must be said about the dancing floor, in order that future hostesses, should they find themselves in a similar predicament, may profit by Mrs. Campbell's successful experiment. So anxious was this kind hostess to provide a good a floor as possible that her efforts thereto had been slightly overdone, and at a late hour on Thursday the boards of the ball room were found to be sticky rather than slippery. What was to be done? By a master stroke Mrs. Campbell secured the success of her party and provided a floor which has not been surpassed, if indeed it has been equalled, this season. A dancing carpet of fine linen was hurriedly procured and stretched very tightly over the bare boards. New linen over the ordinary thick carpet makes, as everybody knows, a very indifferent floor, but all dancers who were at Carbrooke on Thursday will bear me witness that the linen there afforded very excellent dancing.

A good idea was that of shading all the gas lights with red shades, thus affording a subdued and most becoming light. Such a contrast to the brilliant glare of a certain ball-room last week. Think of this, oh fair hostesses of the future, and profit by so excellent an example; but remember also that, though lights in other quarters can hardly be too dim and low, yet your ball-rooms and your supper-rooms can easily be made too dark. There is a happy medium, which you should strive to find.

The first two of the three public lectures on Friday afternoons at Trinity have been highly successful and popular. Large numbers of people, including a good sprinkling of fashion have availed themselves of the proposito, Mr. Body's, invitation. Yesterday an antidote against too much instruction or mental exertion, like that of Mrs. Goldwin Smith, after the professor's lectures on Wednesdays, was provided by Mrs. John Strachan and the Misses Strachan at their charmingly pretty and artistic house north of the college. Tea and chat leavened the learning that foreran it.

Among those entertained at dinner at Mr. Justice Burton's on Wednesday evening were Miss Mowat, Miss Gregg, Miss Robertson of Hamilton, and Miss Wragge. Mr. Dickson Patterson, who took in Mrs. Burton, and Mr. Darling, were also present.

Mr. and Mrs. Beatty's dance on Tuesday was very enjoyable. The guests were comparatively limited in number, and this was well, for the capacity of the ball-room is also limited. It is most unusual in Toronto to find so large a majority of men over ladies as was the case at this party. Never before have I seen so many masculine wall flowers here. There were, perhaps, almost too many. A well-stretched linen made a good dancing floor, though it would have been better still if the carpet underneath had been removed. Mr. Bayley and a portion of the Citizens' band played well, although a good deal of the music was perhaps a little old, and they might have put a little more swing and vim into their work. There was a good sprinkling of dowagers and a fair number of that very youthful element of which I have spoken lately. People left for the most part comparatively early, for which they, no doubt, felt thankful next morning. As I predicted, two or three enthusiasts managed two balls in the same evening, and having done the long drive to Mashquotah and danced there, drove back to the park and would have danced again had not partners been scarce and their cards early filled.

Among Mrs. Beatty's guests were Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Mrs. Banke, Mr. and Mrs. Armour, Miss Spratt, Mr. William Spratt, Mr. Alfred Cameron, Miss Maud Rutherford, Mr. Rutherford, Mr. Hoyley, Mr. Hollyer, the Misses Todd, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Miss Daisy Brown of Hamilton, Miss Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Myles, Miss Mabel Cawthra, Miss Maude Cawthra, Mr. Cawthra, Miss Beardmore, Miss Dawson, Capt. Geddes, Mr. Small, Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. Fox, Miss Laidlaw, Miss Manning, Miss Vickers, Mr. Vickers, Miss Cumberland, Capt. Macdougall, Miss Madge Ince, Mr. Ince.

Once more has society burnt its fingers. Only the other day it was Ballantyne, alias Hunt, alias Gordon, and whose right name was Baily, a really high-class swindler, and who victimized people in a gentlemanly way. Now it is Signor Ramponi, a teacher of his native language, of dancing, etc., who appears to have stolen diamond rings and silver cigarette cases from a dressing-room in the house of his host. It really seems that any stranger who comes without credentials or introduction of any value, so long as he looks and speaks like a gentleman, is received with open arms by our exclusive society. Nay, without these qualifications; the mere fact that he is a stranger appears to be enough. His Italian accent covered any faults in the signor's speech, but I am surprised that people should have been deceived by his looks. Of course they may breed gentlemen differently in Italy, but according to the Anglo-Saxon standard, and

and if they knew the steps to tire themselves out to the music of his bagpipes.

A meet of the Toronto sleighing club took place, as usual, last Saturday. The drive was once more to the Eagle hotel at Weston. A large turnout had been expected, but another very cold afternoon and evening again kept many people at their firesides. Between thirty and forty members was, however, not a bad number. It is a pity that there is no other place as well suited for the requirements of the club in a northerly or easterly direction, that there might be more variety in their drives. People will begin to tire of the same road, the same bill of fare at dinner, the same dancing and roller skating Saturday after Saturday. For the sake of change, and at the invitation of Captain Sears, the drive to-day will be in the afternoon to the Humber or further, returning for tea at the quarters of the above-named gallant officer. But an afternoon drive is not by any means the same thing as one that does not finish till late at night.

The favored few who have been asked to Miss Marjorie Campbell's leap-year dance on the 6th, are all agog over the event. I have heard that programmes have already been partially made up. But is it true? Should not this event have taken place on the 29th of February? True, the cold hand of Lent will then be upon us, but since it is so "very small" would it not pass? The marriageable men of Toronto are too modest and lingering. Weddings have lately been few and far between, and one hears of few announced engagements, though more than one is talked of. But surely with the tables so turned and the ordinary state of things so reversed as would be the case at a leap-year ball on leap-year day, fruitful results could not fail to ensue.

Why do the Trinity College literary society call their annual ball a *conversazione*? It is a dance pure and simple, and always a pleasant one, though crowds be great and results sometimes painful. One of the most terrible experiences of the kind I ever went through was at this event two years ago, when I was an unwilling participant with some hundred fellow men in a scramble for coats and hats so disturbing that it became almost a free fight. I hope on Tuesday next the T. C. L. S. will remember that many of their guests are young, and so cannot be expected to wait patiently for long, and that, therefore, with so much space at their disposal, they will provide more than one narrow wicket at which wraps are to be taken in and given out.

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Judging by looks alone, I should have denied the title to the light-fingered stranger. Happy thought! Perhaps he suffers from kleptomania.

Mr. George Belford's recitals on the first two days of this week stirred up the literary and more substantial element of Toronto society, and I was gratified to see such apparent appreciation of talent. Mr. G. Mercer Adam's presence would be a preconceived fact. He was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Adam. Besides there were Canon Dumoulin, Mr. and Mrs. Dumoulin, Mrs. Charles Moss, Mrs. McMurray, Miss Meredith, Mr. Arch. McLean, Mr. Walter Read, Miss McCarthy, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. C. H. Greene, Mrs. H. B. Greene, Dr. and the Misses Geikie, Miss Hawke, Miss Manning, Miss Dupont with a contingent from her school, Mr. Dickson Paterson, Mr. Hume Blake, Misses Laura and Grace Boulton, Mr. Harry Gamble, Rev. Arthur Baldwin, Miss Bunting. On Tuesday night I saw Canon Dumoulin, Miss and Mr. Dumoulin, the Misses Greene, Mrs. John Heward, Capt. Meredith Heward, the Misses Boulton, Mrs. Charles Riordan, Miss Hill, Miss Gilmour, Miss Feathers, Fred Gillespie, Mrs. R. H. Bethune, Miss Bethune, Mr. Walter Wilson, Miss M. Elwell, Dr. Carlyle, Dr. Kirkland, Mr. Leach, Mrs. Heineman.

Miss Louie Strathy of Kingston is on a visit to her sister, Mrs. James Sterling, John street.

Miss Milligan, Dundas street, gave (will give as I write) a dance on Friday, 3rd inst.

Mrs. Nevitt, 164 Jarvis street, invited a few friends to afternoon tea last Saturday week, amongst whom were Mrs. John Young, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Oates, Miss Dupont, Miss Amy Dupont, Mrs. McFarlane, Mrs. Adam Wright, Miss Wright, Miss Amy Strathy, Mr. Wynder Strathy, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mrs. Harry Webster, the Misses Foy, Mrs. James Robertson, Mrs. Llewelyn Robertson, Mrs. Hetherington, Mrs. Thorburn, Miss Fannie Wright and many others.

Those who enjoyed Mrs. Cumberland's hospitality on Jan. 25th were numerous, but these only can I remember. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Payne, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Heath, Miss Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. James Stirling, Mrs. Cattanach, Mr. and Mrs. H. Paterson, Mr. W. and Miss Ince, Mr. and Mrs. W. Gwynne, Messrs. Arthur and Herman Boulton, Miss Grace Boulton, the Misses Spratt, Mr. B. Spratt, Mr. Gordon Heward, Miss A. Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Miss Bunting, Miss Amy Dupont, Miss and Dr. Theodore Coverton, Misses Mary and Emma Armstrong, Miss Dawson, Miss Lockhart, Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Cecil Gibson, Miss Ethel Vickers, Mr. Vickers, Mrs. King of Lindsay, Messrs. Roberts, Heaton, Cartwright, Stinson, Dickson, Patterson, Andrews, George and Sidney Ford-Jones, Mr. Fred McQueen of Woodstock, Willoughby Crooks, Capt. Gamble Geddes, Miss Daisy Brown of Hamilton, the Misses Morgan, Mr. Scott.

Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Cumberland's daughter, wore one of the handsomest gowns, Nile-green with white embroidered net drapery, and quantities of handsome real lace. Mrs. George Ryerson's was also one of the smartest gowns, it was pale olive green plush, exquisitely draped with heliotrope of the shade of peach bloom. Mrs. Strathy's frock was brown net over gold satin. The white satin brocade of Mrs. Cattanach was seen to great advantage by the variety of ornaments and diamonds. Mrs. Armour wore her wedding dress. Mrs. Harry Peterson arrayed herself in black with heliotrope feathers on this occasion. Miss Beattie also was in black with terra cotta bodice and ribbons. Miss McCarthy, heliotrope. Mrs. Stuart Heath, black silk. Miss Annie Vankoughnet chose gray-gray cashmere, silk and feathers, and did not choose amiss. Mrs. Nordheimer donned her Marguerite gown—yellow and white lace with Marguerite. Miss Salter of Brantford was in scarlet silk and gauze and looked remarkable pretty.

Mrs. W. A. Baldwin of Mashquotah gave her last ball in the old family residence on Tuesday evening, to introduce her daughter, the most recent debutante. Houses like the one at Mashquotah, with large square halls and long rooms, can be more easily, conveniently and comfortably arranged for dancing parties, and, as in this case, the necessary concomitant delights—music, floor and partners—are real delights. Nothing was to be regretted except that another such ball would hereafter be impracticable, as the property is soon to be utilized by the Government for the rebuilding of Upper Canada College. The night was warm, and, notwithstanding the questionable comfort of a long drive in wraps which deny one the relief of an easy posture, this drive was, except, perhaps, under exasperatingly tiresome circumstances, quite enjoyable. Those who ventured to find it so were many, although there were rival enjoyments in the city, and amongst them I remarked Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Fred. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Capt. and Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Dr. and Mrs. James Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. St. George Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. G. Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. G. Gowenlock, Mrs. Rogers, Rev. T. Patterson, Miss Scoble, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Miss Mickie, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Todd, the Misses Laura and Grace Boulton, the Misses Larratt Smith, Messrs. Arthur and Herman Boulton, Miss Alice Heward, Mr. Gordon Heward, Mr. Eden Heward, Miss Mabel Heward, Miss Hector, Miss Connie Cumberland, Miss Ethel McCarthy, Miss Whitney, Mr. Gus Whitney, Miss O'Brien, Miss McCloud, Mr. Dunstan, Mr. Shanley, Mr. Sears, Miss Oates, Mr. W. Oates, Mr. Mickie, Miss Ince, Mr. Cronyn, Mr. Russell Baldwin, Mr. Lawrence Baldwin, the Misses Headley, the Messrs. Stephen and Robert Baldwin, Miss Adelaide Sullivan, Miss Moss. Among the strangers there were Miss Ardagh, Miss Moberly of Collingwood, Miss Ross of Liverpool, Eng., Miss Yarwood of Belleville, Miss Prince, Dr. and the Misses Hillary, Miss Kirkpatrick. Millinery on this

occasion was made conspicuous by the predominance of black and entire absence of red. One of the handsomest gowns of the season was worn by Mrs. St. George Baldwin—yellow watered silk train and bodice, with a front panel of a striped cream silk and yellow plush. Mrs. James Baldwin's was also beautiful—fawn-colored silk bodice and train, petticoat and sleeves of white and ruby brocade, and pink roses. Another pretty gown noticed was of the old and yet sometimes effective combination—black and white. The skirt was draped with black lace over a white silk foundation, and the bodice the same, with the train of white silk hem in heavy folds, a yard or so behind. The usual belles graced the ball-room, but in addition the second Miss Headley was accorded distinction; also Miss Ross, who has a handsome and stylish appearance. Dancing was kept up until an unusually late hour, the streets presenting quite a lively appearance up till half-past three, and even four o'clock.

Mrs. Howland, 217 McCaul street, had (will have as I write) a tea on Friday, January 3rd.

Mrs. Gibson, 66 St. Albans street, will be At Home from four to six o'clock, to a large circle of friends on Wednesday, February 8th.

Mrs. Douglas Armour has had her hands full receiving almost countless numbers of callers last—and some this, week. Each day she has held a perfect levee and indeed under what circumstances could one more perfect be held?

Charming hostess not awkwardly, nervously, or shyly new to the position, charmingly dressed, assisted by delightfully entertaining companions, in one of the most tastefully and artistically arranged houses of any bride in Toronto. Mrs. Armour's taste in her choice of a gown to receive in is in harmony with her surroundings—a pretty soft, pink silk with bands of brown velvet, and velvet trimmings. Her two sisters, the Misses Tilley and Madeline Spratt, and Miss Connie Cumberland dispense the exhilarating cup that cheers but not inebriates, and under its innocent influence have overcome the formality of a bridal reception and turned Mrs. Armour's new establishment into a retreat in which wearied afternoon callers revive themselves with a really pleasant chat, after the tedium of making a round of visits.

Mrs. Beecher (the Homewood), Wellesley street, gave a very pleasant At Home last Wednesday afternoon. Among those present were Mrs. and the Misses Kemp, Rev. John and Mrs. Langtry, the Misses Langtry, Mrs. Williamson and Miss Kenyon; Mr. and the Misses Osler, the Misses Macklem, Mr. Cyril Cassels, Mr. Macklem, Mr. Eustace, Mr. Culverwell, Mr. and Mrs. Willis, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Proctor and Miss Ellis. As usual, the gentlemen were rather fewer than the ladies. Why is it gentlemen dislike afternoon receptions, at homes and teas?

The Vanderbilts are setting the fashion in New York of what has long been a custom in English society, that of hiring notable professional people to amuse the guests at private entertainments. At the afternoon reception given by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt a couple of weeks ago her professional talent cost her about \$6,000, little Josef Hoffmann having been lent for the occasion for \$3,000, and Lielli Lehmann having sung on the occasion. At another of the Vanderbilt receptions the boy cornetist and other people played and sang on Monday, so that this sort of thing is soon likely to become quite the vogue. It will serve, as it does in England, to give artists of merit a new source of revenue. Right here in Toronto there is plenty of talent deserving of this sort of recognition.

Talking about the Vanderbilts it is said that Willie Vanderbilt will never come back to America to live. His present idea is to purchase a handsome English estate, and range himself among the English gentry. The amusing stories that used to be told about Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt's attitude towards the remainder of womankind, and the various ways in which she keeps her husband unspotted from their blandishments, are just now receiving a number of attractive additions. It is said that she will not allow a petticoat near the yacht. Coquelin, who recently gave a special performance on board the yacht, for the entertainment of Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt and their friends, played, as it is said, before an audience composed entirely of men. But from all accounts, Mrs. Vanderbilt must be like that circumspect old lady in the conventional English farce, who preserved her husband by refusing to have any woman under sixty years of age among her guests or in her employ.

By PROF. J. F. DAVIS, FOR PIANOS. Every Piece a Gem.

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Great Pacific Lancers.....

Eureka—company set of lancers—dance explained.....

Ripple—dance explained.....

Jersey—dance explained.....

La Frollique—dance explained.....

Bronx—dance explained.....

Octagon.....

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Five o'clock Tea Sets,

Five o'clock Teapots and Kettles,

Biscuit Jars and Cheese Covers,

Honey, Marmalade and Butter Pot;

Fancy Jugs, Teapots and Teapot Stands,

Fish, Game and Oyster Sets,

Cut Glass Table Sets, fine assortment,

Table Ornaments, fine variety,

Breakfast, Dinner and Dessert Sets,

Joseph Rodgers & Sons' Cutlery,

Silverplated Knives, Forks and Spoons,

Tea Trays, Crumb Trays and Dish Mats,

Fairy Lights, a large assortment,

Old Chipendale Grandfather Clocks.

## Music.

I am curious to see how the 1889 Musical Festival Association will turn out. The Musical Festival Association, of course, have the inside track, having initiated and carried out a successful festival; so successful that they had a surplus of some six hundred dollars on hand when all accounts were settled. This naturally gives them the confidence and sympathy of the public in any plan they may lay before us, and justly so. They are the representative men of the city, and have shown that they have the judgment in musical matters to decide what will best please those who may be expected to support such an enterprise, and that they have the business ability to carry out their programme to a successful issue from a business standpoint. This secures them the goodwill of a list of people who had subscribed the large sum of \$35,000 to a guarantee fund, and who

part which led them to wish to equal their elder competitor, the Philharmonic Society, the more so, as the latter society is strongly supported by the Methodist body. In the performance and efforts generally of the Choral Society, this ambition has, as far as the general public can see, been fairly well gratified.

But this has not been sufficient; the conductor of the Philharmonic Society, a man of great magnetic influence, fertile in plans and untiring in their development, possesses the confidence of the music-loving public and was the mainspring in the organization of the great festival of 1886, whose success I have already alluded to. When this festival was in process of organization, the Choral Society was invited to assist, but instead of doing so, chose to consider that it, or its conductor, would not receive fair play, and sat on the fence and let the procession pass by. Had it joined the festival

dimmed by the possible contrast. A large chorus, a world-renowned orchestra, and soloists of the best standing in the world would be sufficient to produce this result, and naturally enough the Toronto Musical Festival Association was stirred to its depths.

Meetings were held and the original idea of triennial festivals was formally reiterated, with the additional suggestion that this system would place the association in a position to produce the novelties from the great Birmingham Festival, which takes place the year before the Toronto event. These deliberations culminated last week, when representatives of the Philharmonic, Choral and Vocal societies met at the invitation of the officials of the Toronto Musical Festival Association, and were asked to consider the possibility and advisability of united action in the premises. It is claimed that there is a pos-

the desertion of that field for that of large choral effects accompanied by monster orchestras. This is a point that Mr. Haslam has been consistently preaching against since he organized his society, and he can hardly be expected to jeopardize his reputation for consistency in this manner.

Still, could all this be brought about, it would be a grand thing for music, so notoriously an art that seems to stimulate and foster sectional jealousies. Such a festival, under such auspices, and supported by every musical interest in the city, could not fail to be a phenomenal success in every sense, artistic and financial, and is indeed a consummation devoutly to be wished for. I believe most faithfully that then the managers of the affair could be implicitly relied on to do full justice to all interests involved, and the union of interests at present conflicting, but really conflicting

When a festival is held here again, a similar expense must be met, and when it is over there may be a paixy \$200 in the way of rebate for chairs sold second-hand. The rink, while the best place available, was absolutely unsuitable for the purpose, acoustically, artistically and every other cally. The level plane of the floor, the wretched small galleries, and the heathenishly ugly trusses and bolts disfigured the space beyond reconciliation to anything that might be considered pleasing to the eye or ear. The Horticultural Pavilion, with its Broddingnagian pillars, out-of-the-way location and small space is out of the question for such a purpose, and the first cry of the festival people should be: "Give us a music hall!"

A music hall to accommodate 4,000 people can be built and seated and furnished with practice rooms for \$50,000, independent of the cost of the site, if no great architectural adornments are looked for. But if an architect only sees a chance to erect a monument to the splendor of his fancy, its cost may be boundless. Other cities have had halls of this character built for them by private munificence. This we can hardly expect in Toronto; at least the man endowed with this sort of generosity has so far not been caring much for the Scriptural injunction as to letting his light shine, and his good works have not been seen of men. The field is therefore open, so open that it gapes and yawns for him to step in and fill it. But co-operation among music lovers should be sufficiently possible to bring this about. Attempts at organization for this purpose have been made, but so far have all failed. This festival movement should reopen the question to a sufficient extent to provoke discussion and happy fulfilment.

I see that the Conservatory pupils have given another quarterly concert. I was not there, not having received the usual reportorial invitation. The Conservatory people don't cultivate reporters in that way. Can it be that they provide the reports themselves, having a secretary of able literary capabilities? If so, their method saves the reporters trouble and ensures pleasing notices. This too would be a kind of wisdom that pays as it helps to fill the public eye and mind with a thorough appreciation of the good results of Conservatory teaching, for what the daily papers say, must be true.

METRONOME.

## Art and Artists.

One of the most popular and reputable sculptors in the city by the Arno is John McNamee, who will be remembered as an old Brooklyn politician and once sheriff of King's county.

The last picture painted by Arthur Lumley, specimens of whose brushwork may be found at the American Art Association rooms, is entitled *A Sailor Boy*. It shows Young America sitting by the sea, engaged in modeling a Volunteer style of craft, while a tiny English boat lies at his feet. Yachtmen were delighted with it, and the canvas was sold before it left the easel. Mr. Lumley is devoting himself exclusively to the illustration of boy life, and each summer finds his studio set up in some country village where he finds picturesque scenes.

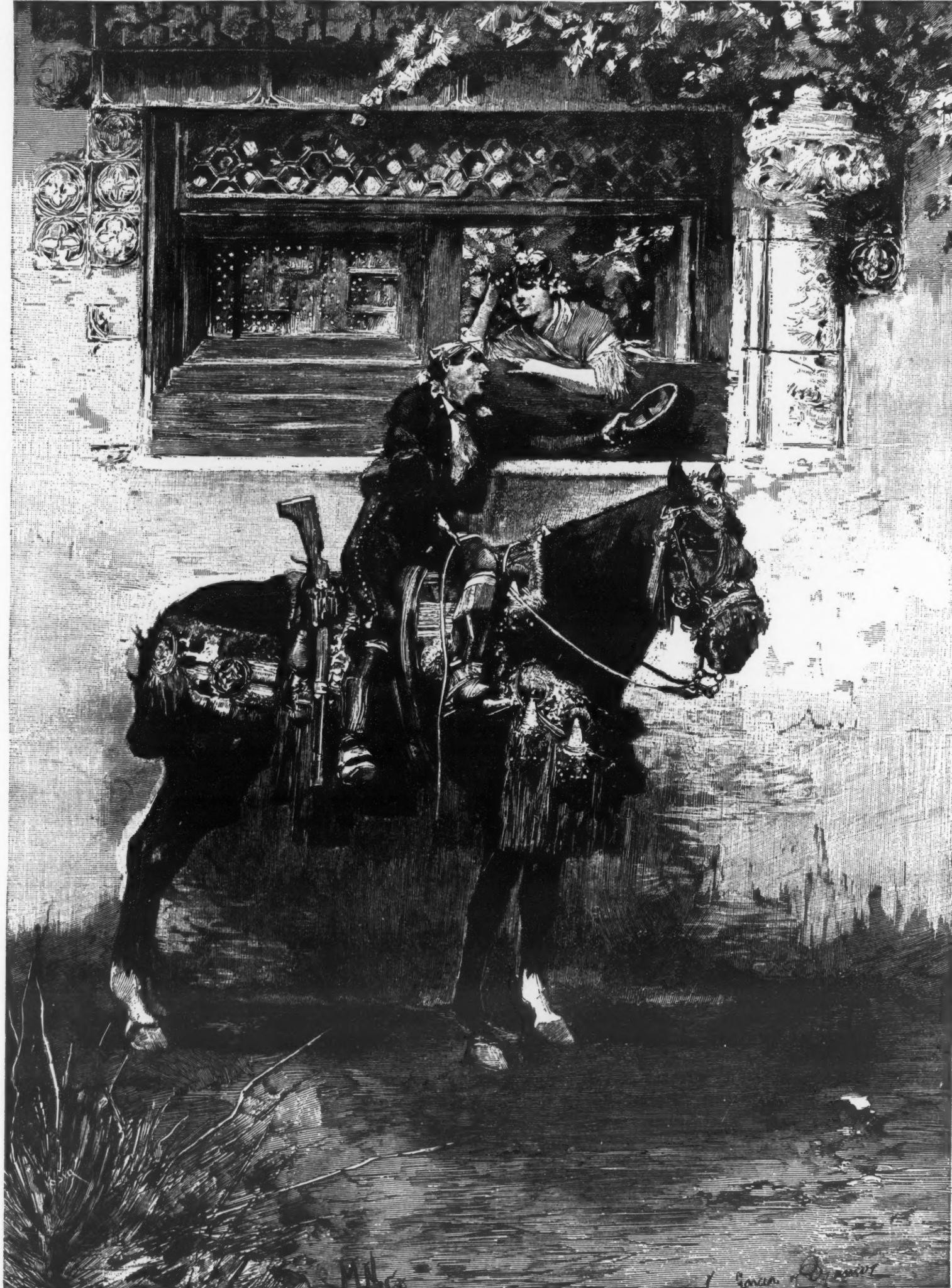
As we approach the fourth centenary of the discovery of America it is interesting to recall the fact that the same haze of doubt in which the question of Columbus' birth is involved rests over that of the authenticity of the several portraits of him now extant. The one that is supported by the best historical evidence is that in the National Library of Spain at Madrid, and which has recently been restored and engraved by the Royal Historical Society.

I called at Miss Peel's studio on Church street the other day, and was very pleasantly entertained for half an hour viewing the works and enjoying the conversation of Miss Peel and her sister, Miss Clara Peel. A very expressive face is Miss Peel's, emphatically the face of an artist, and it reminded me so strongly of the antique cast of feature that I wondered if it were possible for the countenance, through long familiarity with, and study of the inimitable works of the Golden Age, to gradually conform to that type. Miss Peel is at present working on a bust of Sir Alexander Campbell, and has just completed one of the late Dr. Nelles, which is very much liked by Mrs. Nelles and the friends of the deceased clergyman. Finished busts of Judges Haggerty and Boyd stood in a corner of the studio. Several paintings of French scenes on the wall spoke of Miss Peel's sojourn in France, where she studied. I was also shown some paintings by her brother, Mr. Paul Peel, who is now working and studying in Paris. One of his paintings, called *The Two Friends*, has been recently purchased by the Princess of Wales. Canadians have reason to be proud of their young countryman, who now takes a creditable stand among the artists of the Old World. Toronto cannot claim him as a child of her own, however, as he originally came from where the mansions of the Forest City are mirrored in the silver Thames. Mr. Peel contemplates returning to Canada for a visit during the coming summer. I was delighted to hear his sisters praise his cleverness, and to see that they are proud—and not without cause—of their talented brother. Miss Peel appears to be devotedly attached to her art, and seems to have realized and made use of her uncommon advantage for study. When she talked of France, with its treasures of art, the Louvre, the salons and the picturesque old chateaus, "joys forever" to the devotees of the brush and palette, it was with the delight of a person discoursing on a favorite theme. She considers that the Canadian people are beginning to appreciate good work now. Miss Peel devotes herself principally to sculpture. Miss Clara Peel delights in modelling, and among the specimens of her work I saw was an excellent cast of her sister's face in bas-relief. She also intends taking a course of study in Europe in a short time.

Wonderful.

Mr. D. Sappy—Ya-as, time works wonders. Why, when I was born I was the youngest in my family, and now I have few brothers all younger than myself.

Admiring crowd—Isn't it extraordinary.



THE SMUGGLER'S LOVE.

For Letterpress see page 6.

naturally will wish to see their representatives sustained in their plans for the furtherance of musical culture in Toronto.

But now appears on the scene a rival, the Choral Society, which wishes to gratify its ambition and organize a little musical festival of its own. The Choral Society, which has an inner history that will make interesting reading some day, has grown from a small mustard seed into a large and well-conditioned fruit. The patience and quiet, indomitable will of its conductor, and the unwavering loyalty of those gentlemen with whom he has been discriminating and fortunate enough to surround himself, have created a successful and powerful musical factor out of what was at first only an enlargement of the choir of St. Andrew's church, and which was at its birth strictly a Presbyterian concern. Naturally there was a feeling on their

chorus, and had its leaders added, as such, their subscriptions to the guarantee fund, they would have had voice in the distribution of work to the conductors, which, after all, was the real bone of contention. Then, if they had been slighted, the common sense of the public, and that sense of justice, which, after all, is an ineradicable part of an Englishman's character, would have supported them, and forced an equitable adjustment of the question.

But their pettish withdrawal from the negotiations caused a general feeling of "All right, if they won't play they may stay at home." Feeling themselves left out in this manner in the larger musical interests, they some weeks ago announced a musical festival of their own on a scale which would be productive of satisfaction to every music lover in the city, except those whose light would be

sibility of such action, and I am sure that everyone not bound up in an exterminating policy will wish the movement success. Great as was the chorus of the festival, its greatness would have been enhanced by the cordial cooperation of the Choral Society, which possesses a well-trained force of great excellence and good experience.

The Vocal Society, too, has a fine body of voices, which have special training in obedience to the conductor's baton and in the observance of marks of expression, and which would be an acquisition to any choral force on the continent. Still, in this case, their cohesion with the festival scheme would mean, to a certain extent, the surrender of the principle of its *raison d'être*, as it might be considered to suggest the desirability of surrendering the excellence of unaccompanied part-singing, and

only for lack of generous forbearance, would avert the possibility of our witnessing two festivals undoubtedly fine and gratifying from an artistic standpoint, but with unwholesome Dead Sea fruit in the way of financial deficits. And after all we poor humans have such a clinging affection for our hard-earned and frequently lamentably scarce dollars, that the latter point is not an unimportant one to take into consideration.

All this leads back to the great music hall question. The festival of 1886 carried with it an expenditure of \$2069 for rent, seating, platform, practice rooms, and decorations. This sum is about 40 per cent. of the income of the barn in the Horticultural Gardens for the past ten months, and goes to show what possibilities there are in the way of emolument for the enterprising men who will build a music hall here.

SECOND HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

## JOHN CANN'S TREASURE

VI.

On the evening when the Hon. Charles Barclay died, Cecil Mitford went out, for the first time after his terrible illness, to speak a few words in private with the negro sexton. He found the man lounging in the soft dusk darkness side his hut, and ready enough to find a place for the corpse (which would be buried next morning, with the ordinary tropical haste), close beside the spot actually occupied by John Cann's coffin. All the rest, the sexton said, with a horrid grin, he would leave to Cecil.

At twelve o'clock of a dark moonless night, Cecil Mitford, still weak and ill, but trembling only from the remains of his fever, set out stealthily from the dead man's low bungalow in the outskirts of Spanish Town, and walked on alone through the unlighted, unpaved streets of the sleeping city to the cathedral precincts. Not a soul met or passed him on the way through the lonely alleys; not a solitary candle burned anywhere in a single window. He carried only a little dark lantern in his hand, and a very small pick that he had borrowed that same afternoon from the negro sexton. Stumbling along through the unfamiliar lanes, he saw at last the great black mass of the gaunt ungainly cathedral, standing out dimly against the hardly less black abyss of night that formed the solemn background. But Cecil Mitford was not awed by place or season; he could think only of one subject, John Cann's treasure.

He groped his way easily through scrub and monuments to the far corner of the churchyard; and there, close by a fresh and open grave, he saw the well-remembered, half-effaced letters that marked the moulder upright slab as John Cann's gravestone. Without a moment's delay, without a touch of hesitation, without a single tinge of womanish weakness, he jumped down boldly into the open grave and turned the light side of his little lantern in the direction of John Cann's undescended coffin.

A few strokes of the pick soon loosened the intervening earth sufficiently to let him get at a wooden plank on the nearer side of the coffin. It had moulder away with damp and age till it was all quite soft and pliable; and he broke through it with his hand alone, and saw lying within a heap of huddled bones, which he knew at once for John Cann's skeleton. Under any other circumstances, such a sight, seen in the dead of night, with all the awful accessories of time and place, would have chilled and appalled Cecil Mitford's nervous blood; but he thought nothing of it all now; his whole soul was entirely concentrated on a single idea—the search for the missing paper. Leaning over toward the breach he had made into John Cann's grave, he began groping about with his right hand on the floor of the coffin. After a moment's search his fingers came across a small rusty metal object, clasped, apparently, in the bony hand of the skeleton. He drew it eagerly out; it was a steel snuff-box. Prying open the corroded hinge with his pocket-knife, he found inside a small scrap of dry paper. His fingers trembled as he held it to the dark lantern; oh, heavens! success! it was, it was—the missing document!

He knew it in a moment by the handwriting and the cipher. He couldn't wait to read it till he went home to the dead man's house, so he curled himself up cautiously in Charles Barclay's open grave, and proceeded to decipher the crumpled manuscript as well as he was able by the lurid light of the lantern. Yes, yes, it was all right; it told him with minute and unmistakable detail the exact spot in the valley of the Bovey where John Cann's treasure lay securely hidden. Not at John Cann's rocks on the hill-top, as the local legend untruly affirmed—John Cann had not been such an unguarded fool as to whisper to the idle gossips of Bovey the spot where he had really buried his precious dubbloons—but down in the valley by a bend of the river, at a point that Cecil Mitford had known well from his childhood upward. Hurrah! hurrah! the secret was unearthed at last, and he had nothing more to do than to go home to England and proceed to dig up John Cann's treasure!

He cautiously replaced the loose earth on the side of the grave, and walked back, this time bold and erect, with his dark lantern openly displayed (for it mattered little now who watched or followed him), to dead Charles Barclay's lonely bungalow. The black servants were keening and wailing over their master's body, and nobody took much notice of the white visitor. If they had Cecil Mitford would have cared but little, so long as he carried John Cann's last dying directions safely folded in his leather pocketbook.

Next day, Cecil Mitford stood once more as a chief mourner beside the grave he had sat in that night so strangely by himself; and before the week was over he had taken his passage for England in the Royal Mail Steamer Tagus and was leaving the coconut groves of Port Royal well behind him on the port side. Before him lay the open sea, and beyond it, England, Ethel and John Cann's treasure.

VII.

It had been a long job after all to arrange fully the needful preliminaries for the actual search after John Cann's buried dubbloons. First of all, there was Ethel's interest to pay, and a horrid story for Cecil to concoct—all false, of course, worse luck to it—about how he had managed to invest her poor three hundred to the best advantage. Then there was another story to make good about three months' extra leave from the colonial office. Next came the question of buying the land where John Cann's treasure lay hidden, and this was really a matter of very exceptional and peculiar difficulty. The owner—pig-headed fellow!—didn't want to sell, no matter how much he was offered, because the corner contained a clump of trees that made a specially pretty element in the view from his dining room windows. His dining-room windows forsooth! What on earth could it matter, when John Cann's treasure was at stake, whether anything at all was visible or otherwise from his miserable dining-room windows. Cecil was positively appalled at the obstinacy and narrow-mindedness of the poor squireen, who could think of nothing at all in the whole world but his own ridiculous antiquated windows. However, in the end, by making his bid high enough, he was able to induce this obstructive old curmudgeon to part with his triangular little corner of land in the bend of the river. Even so, there was the question of payment: absurd as it seemed, with all John Cann's money almost in his hand, Cecil was obliged to worry and bother and lie and intrigue for weeks together in order to get that paltry little sum in hard cash for the matter of payment. Still, he raised it in the end, raised it by inducing Ethel to sell out the remainder of her poor small fortune, and cajoling Aunt Emily into putting her name to a bill of sale for her few worthless bits of old-fashioned furniture. At last, after many delays and vexatious troubles, Cecil found himself the actual possessor of the corner of land wherein lay buried John Cann's treasure.

The very first day that Cecil Mitford could call that coveted piece of ground his own, he could not restrain his eagerness (though he knew it was imprudent in a land where the unjust law of seizure-trove prevails), but he must then and there begin covertly digging under the shadow of the three big willow trees in the bend of the river. He had eyed and measured the bearings so carefully already that he knew the very spot to a nail's breadth where John Cann's treasure was actually hidden. He set to work digging with his little pick as confidently as if he had already seen the dubbloons lying there in the strong box that he knew enclosed them. Four feet deep he dug down. John Cann's instructions told him; and then true to the inch, his pick struck against a solid oaken

box, well secured with clamps of iron. Cecil cleared all the dirt away from the top, carefully, not hurriedly, and tried with all his might to lift the box out, but all in vain. It was far too heavy, of course, for one man's arms to raise; all that weight of gold and silver must be ever so much more than a single pair of hands could possibly manage. He must try to open the lid alone, so as to take the gold out, a bit at a time, and carry it away with him now and again, as he was able, covering the place up carefully in between, for fear of the Treasury and the Lord of the Manor. How abominably unjust it seemed to him at that moment—the legal claim of those two insolent hostile powers! to think that after he, Cecil Mitford, has borne the brunt of the labor in adventurously hunting up the whole trail of John Cann's secret, two idle irresponsible participants should come in at the end, if they could, to profit entirely by his ingenuity and his exertions!

At last, by a great effort, he forced the rusty lock open, and looked eagerly into the strong oak chest. How his heart beat with slow, deep throbs at that supreme moment, not with suspense, for he knew he should find the money, but with the final realization of a great hope long deferred! Yes, there it lay, in very truth all before him—great shining coins of old Spanish gold—gold, gold, gold, arranged in long rows, one coin after another, over the whole surface of the broad oak box. He had found it, he had found it; he had really found it! After so much toilsome hunting, after so much vain endeavor, after so many heart-breaking disappointments, John Cann's treasure in very truth lay open there actually before him!

For a few minutes, eager and frightened as he was, Cecil Mitford did not dare even to touch the precious pieces. In the greatness of his joy, in the fierce rush of his overpowering emotions, he had no time to think of mere base everyday gold and silver. It was the future and the ideal that he beheld, not the piled-up heaps of filthy lucre. Ethel was his wealth was his, honor was his! He would be a rich man and a great man now and henceforth for ever! Oh, how he hugged himself in his heart on the wise, successful fraud by which he had induced Ethel to advance him the few wretched pounds he needed for his ever-memorable Jamaican journey! How he praised to himself his own courage, and ingenuity, and determination, and inexhaustible patience! How he laughed down that foolish conscience of his that would fain have dissuaded him from his master-stroke of genius! He deserved it all, he deserved it all! Other men would have flinched before the risk and expense of the voyage to Jamaica, would have given up the scent for a fool's errand in the cemetery at Port Royal, would have shrunk from ransacking John Cann's grave at the dead of night in the cathedral precincts at Spanish Town, would have feared to buy the high-priced corner of land at Bovey Tracy on pure imaginative speculation. But he, Cecil Mitford, had had the boldness and the cleverness to do it every bit, and now, Wisdom was justified of all her children. He sat for five minutes in profound meditation on the edge of the little pit he had dug, gloating dreamily over the broad gold pieces, and inwardly admiring his own bravery and foresight and indomitable resolution. What a magnificent man he really was—a worthy successor of those great freebooting, buccaneering, illibustering Devonians of the grand Elizabethan era! To think that the workaday modern world should ever have tried to doom him, Cecil Mitford, with his splendid enterprise and glorious potentialities, to a hundred and eighty a year and a routine clerkship at the colonial office!

After a while, however, mere numerical cupidity began to get the better of this heroic mood, and Cecil Mitford turned somewhat

to his task of digging up the gold.

How long he sat there no one knows; but late at night, when the people at the Red Lion began to miss their guest, and turned out in a hole to hunt for him in the corner field, they found him sitting still on the edge of the pit he had dug for the grave of his own hopes, and gazing still with listless eyes into blank vacancy. A box of loose coins lay idly scattered on the ground beside him. The poor gentleman had been struck crazy, they whispered to one another; and so indeed he had; not raving mad with acute insanity, but blankly, hopelessly and helplessly imbecile. With the loss of John Cann's treasure the whole universe had faded out for him into abject nihilism. They carried him to the inn between them on their arms, and put him to bed carefully in the old bedroom, as one might put a newborn baby.

The Lord of the Manor, when he came to hear the whole pitiful story, would have nothing to do with the wretched dubbloons: the curse of blood was upon them, he said, and worse than that; so the Treasury, which has no sentiments and no conscience, came in at the end for what little there was of John Cann's unholy treasure.

VIII.

In the country pauper lunatic asylum for Devon

there was one quiet, impassive patient, who was always pointed out to horror-loving visitors, because he had once been a gentleman, and had a strange romance hanging to him still, even in that dreary refuge of the destitute insane. The lady whom he had loved and robbed—all for her own good—had followed him down from London to Devonshire; and she and her aunt kept a small school, after some struggling fashion, in the town close by, where many kind-hearted squires of the neighborhood sent their little girls, while they were still very little, for the sake of charity, and for pity of the sad, sad story. One day a week there was a whole holiday—Wednesdays it was—for that was visiting day at the County Asylum; and then Ethel Sutherland, dressed in deep mourning, walked round with her aunt to the gloomy gateway at ten o'clock, and sat as long as she was allowed with the faded image of Cecil Mitford, holding his listless hand clasped in her pale white fingers, and looking with sad eyes anxious eyes for any gleam of passing recognition in his. Alas, the gleam never came (perhaps it was better so). Cecil Mitford looked always straight before him at the blank white-washed walls, and saw nothing, heard nothing, thought of nothing, from week's end to week's end.

Ethel had forgiven him all; what will not a loving woman forgive? Nay, more, had found excuses and palliations for him which quite glossed over his crime and his folly. He must have been losing his reason long before he ever went to Jamaica, she said; for in his right mind he would never have tried to deceive her or himself in the way he had done. Did he not fancy he was sent out by the colonial office, when he had really gone without leave or mission? And did he not persuade her to give up her money to him for investment, and after all never invest it? What greater proofs of insanity could you have than those? And then that dreadful fever at Spanish Town, and the shock of losing his kind entertainer, worn out with nursing him, had quite completed the downfall of his reason. So Ethel Sutherland, in her pure beautiful woman's soul went on believing, as steadfastly as ever, in the faith and in the goodness of that Cecil Mitford that had never been. His ideal had faded out before the first touch of disillusioning fact; hers persisted still, in spite of all the rudest assaults that the plainest facts could make upon it. Thank Heaven for that wonderful idealizing power of a good woman, which enables her to walk unsullied through this sordid world, un-known and unseen!

At last one night, one terribly windy night in December, Ethel Sutherland was wakened from

the vulgar task of counting the rows of dubbloons. He counted up the foremost row carefully, and then for the first time perceived, to his intense surprise, that the row behind was not gold, but mere silver Mexican pistoles. He rubbed his eyes and looked again, but the fact was unmistakable; there was only one row of yellow gold in the top layer, and all the rest was merely bright and glittering silver. Strange, but John Cann should have put coins of such small value near the top of his box; the rest of the gold must certainly be in successive layers down further. He lifted up the big gold dubbloons in the first row, and then, to his blank horror and amazement, came to—not more gold, not more silver, but—but—aye, incredible as it seemed, appalling, horrifying—a wooden bottom!

Had John Cann, in his care and anxiety, put a layer of solid oak between each layer of gold and silver? Hardly that; the oak was too thick. In a moment Cecil Mitford had taken out all the coins of the first tier, and laid bare the oaken bottom. A few blows of the pick loosened the earth around, and then, oh, horror, oh ghastly disappointment, oh unspeakable heart-breaking revelation, the whole box came out entire. It was only two inches deep altogether, including the cover—it was, in fact, a mere shallow tray or saucer, something like the sort of thin wooden boxes in which sets of dessert-knives or fish-knives are usually sold for wedding presents.

For the space of three seconds Cecil Mitford could not believe his eyes, and then with a sudden flash of awful vividness, the whole terrible truth flashed at once across his staggering brain. He had found John Cann's treasure indeed—the John Cann's treasure of basic actual reality, but the John Cann's treasure of his fervid imagination, the John Cann's treasure he had dreamt of from his boyhood upward, the John Cann's treasure he had risked all to find and to win, did not exist, could not exist, and never had existed, at all, anywhere! It was all a horrible, hideous, unthinkable delusion! The hideous delusion he had told would every one now discovered; Ethel would be ruined; Aunt Emily would be ruined; and they would both know him, not only for a fool, a dreamer, and a visionary, but also for a gambler, a thief and a liar.

In his black despair he jumped down into the shallow hole once more, and began a second time to count slowly over the accursed dollars. The whole miserable sum—the untold wealth of John Cann's treasure—would amount altogether to about two hundred and twenty pounds of modern sterling English money.

Cecil Mitford tore his hair as he counted it in impotent self-punishment; two hundred and twenty pounds, and he had expected at least as many thousands! He saw it all in a moment. His wild fancy had mistaken the poor outcast hunted-down pirate for a sort of ideal criminal millionaire; he had erected the ignorant, persecuted John Cann of real life, who fled from the king's justice to a nest of charted outlaws in Jamaica, into a great successful naval commander, like the Drake or Hawkins of actual history. The whole truth about the wretched solitary old robber burst upon him now with startling vividness, he saw him hugging his pauper two hundred pounds to his miserly old bosom, crossing the sea with it stealthily from Jamaica, burying it secretly in a hole in the ground at Bovey, quarreling about it with his peasant relations in England, as the poor will often quarrel about the mere trifles of money, and dying at last with the secret of that wretched sum hidden in the snuff-box that he clutched with fierce energy even in his lifeless skeleton fingers. It was all clear, horribly, irretrievably, unmistakably clear to him now; and the John Cann that he had once followed through so many chances and changes had faded away at once into absolute nothingness, now and forever!

If Cecil Mitford had known a little less about John Cann's life and exploits he might still perhaps have buoyed himself up with the vain hope that all the treasure was not yet unearthed—that there were more boxes still buried in the ground, more dubbloons still hidden further down in the unexplored bosom of the little three-cornered field. But the words of John Cann's dying directions were too explicit and clear to admit of any such gloss or false interpretation. "In a strong oaken chest, bound round with iron, and buried at four feet of depth in the southwestern angle of the Home Croft, at Bovey," said the document plainly; there was no possibility of making two out of it in any way. Indeed, in that single minute Cecil Mitford's mind had undergone a total revolution, and he saw the John Cann myth for the first time in his life now in its true colors. The bubble had burst, the halo had vanished, the phantom had faded away, and the miserly scoundrel miserly stood before him with all its vulgar nakedness in their place. The whole panorama of John Cann's life, as he knew it intimately in all its details, passed before his mind's eye like a vivid picture, no longer in the brilliant hues of boyish romance, but in the dingy sordid tones of sober fact. He had given up all that was worth having in this world for the sake of a poor gipsy pirate's penny-saving hoard.

A weaker man would have swallowed the disappointment or kept the delusion still to his dying day. Cecil Mitford was made of stronger mould. The ideal John Cann's treasure had taken possession of him, body and soul; and now that John Cann's treasure had faded into utter nonentity—a pauper two hundred pounds—the whole solid earth had failed beneath his feet, and nothing was left before him but a mighty blank. A mighty blank. Blank, blank, blank. Cecil Mitford sat there on the edge of the pit, with his legs dangling over into the hollow where John Cann's treasure had never been, gazing blankly out into a blank sky, with staring blank eye-balls that looked straight ahead into infinite space and saw utterly nothing.

How long he sat there no one knows; but late at night, when the people at the Red Lion began to miss their guest, and turned out in a hole to hunt for him in the corner field, they found him sitting still on the edge of the pit he had dug for the grave of his own hopes, and gazing still with listless eyes into blank vacancy. A box of loose coins lay idly scattered on the ground beside him. The poor gentleman had been struck crazy, they whispered to one another; and so indeed he had; not raving mad with acute insanity, but blankly, hopelessly and helplessly imbecile. With the loss of John Cann's treasure the whole universe had faded out for him into abject nihilism. They carried him to the inn between them on their arms, and put him to bed carefully in the old bedroom, as one might put a newborn baby.

For he sees it all now; he knows in his heart of hearts that he has won a treasure far greater and truer than John Cann's, which last, indeed, he never allows his mind for one moment to rest upon, ever since that awful night at the Devon Asylum. He had learned his lesson by a terrible and bitter experience, it is true, but he had learned it thoroughly, and he has come out a new man from the fiery ordeal. After all, mad as was that wild episode of his youth, there is more possibility of good left in Cecil Mitford than in nine of ten excellent, stereotyped, eminently respectable young men, who have never given their families one moment's anxiety from the day they cut their first teeth onward. He has still energy, ability, enthusiasm, profound knowledge of a special period; and when his day's work at the crammed manuscripts from the office is over, he turns with almost as much intensity of eagerness as ever to his unfinished History of England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Competent judges who have seen the first few chapters, which deal with the magnificent influence of the English mind under the influence of the western world in the days of Elizabeth, are of the opinion that Cecil Mitford's work will yet break over, not unworthily, the great gap now left vacant between Froude and Macaulay.

And Ethel? Well, Ethel still loves him and believes in him as fondly as ever. No shadow of doubt or mistrust has ever risen for one moment to darken the inner light of her woman's trustfulness. So deep and unquestioning is her faith that Cecil feels it like a perpetual external conscience, constraining him for ever in future to live up to her higher ideal of his own nature. A good woman can do wonderful things: in this case she has almost succeeded in changing altogether Cecil Mitford's character. And yet, who shall say so? for even in the days when he was going most pitifully astray he fancied in his own heart he was doing it all for Ethel, for Ethel, for Ethel. In the consciousness that he is at last making that pure and beautiful soul serenely and quietly happy, Cecil Mitford has found for himself something far more satisfying than John Cann's never-buried treasure.

her sleep in the quiet little school-house by a fearful glare falling fiercely upon her bedroom window. She jumped up, hastily and rushed to the little casement to look out toward the place whence the glare came. One thought alone arose instinctively in her white little mind. Could it be at Cecil's asylum? Oh, horror, yes; the whole building was in flames, and if Cecil were taken—even poor, mad, imbecile Cecil—what, what on earth would then be left her?

Huddling on a few things hastily, anyhow, Ethel rushed out wildly into the street, and ran with incredible speed where all the crowd of the town was running together, towards the blazing asylum. The mob knew her at once, and recognized her sad claim: they made a little lane down the surging mass for her to pass through, till she stood beside the very firemen at the base of the gateway. It was an awful sight—poor mad wretches raving and imploring at the windows, while the firemen plied their hose and brought their escapes to bear as best they were able on one menaced tier after another. But Ethel saw or heard nothing, save in one third-floor window of the right wing, where Cecil Mitford stood, no longer speechless and imbecile, but calling loudly for help, and flinging his eager arms wildly about him. The shock had brought him back his reason, for the moment at least; oh, thank God, thank God, he saw her, he saw her!

With a sudden wild cry Ethel burst from the firemen who tried to hold her back, leaped into the burning building and tore up the blazing stairs, blinded and scorched but by some miracle not quite suffocated, till she reached the stone landing on the third story. Turning along the well-known corridor, now filled with black wreaths of stifling smoke, she reached at last Cecil's ward, and flung herself madly, wildly into his circling arms. For a moment they both forgot the awful death that girt them round on every side, and Ethel, rising superior to himself, cried only, "Ethel, Ethel, I love you; forgive me!" Ethel pressed his hands in hers gently, and answered in an agony of joy. "There is nothing to forgive, Cecil; I can die happy now, now that I have more heard you say you love me, you love me!"

IX.

Near a quiet town in North Wales a little four-roomed cottage fronts the road, with a garden full of sweet old-fashioned flowers, and a small porch covered with long sprays of clematis and clambering roses. Though it is but a wee house, once a laborer's home, one can see at a glance that its quiet refinement and simple unpretentiousness bespeak at once the presence of straitened culture. The Mitfords who live there are indeed far from rich, but the husband, who is understood to have been a great invalid, is employed by the record office and the master of the rolls in deciphering many antique manuscripts, a form of specialists work for which he seemed naturally to possess a remarkable aptitude. For knowledge of the handwriting and personal history of the seventeenth century, in fact, he had given up all that was worth having in this world for the sake of a poor gipsy pirate's penny-saving hoard.

A weaker man would have swallowed the disappointment or kept the delusion still to his dying day. Cecil Mitford was made of stronger mould. The ideal John Cann's treasure had taken possession of him, body and soul; and now that John Cann's treasure had faded into utter nonentity—a pauper two hundred pounds—the whole solid earth had failed beneath his feet, and nothing was left before him but a mighty blank. A mighty blank. Blank, blank, blank. Cecil Mitford sat there on the edge of the pit, with his legs dangling over into the hollow where John Cann's treasure had never been, gazing blankly out into a blank sky, with staring blank eye-balls that looked straight ahead into infinite space and saw utterly nothing.

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will say that a second-rate burlesque is better than a first-rate tragedy, and in certain moods I don't know that I should be disposed to argue with you. But this, at any rate, we may affirm, that all delight and recreation to be derived from bright spectacles and gorgeous scenes and dresses are an unmixed good. I have put all these things first, because they seem to give the most instant satisfaction to the greatest number of theater-goers. But if you will reflect upon the enjoyment you have obtained from them, I think you will agree with me that if this kind of pleasure is the most vivid at the moment, it is also the most fleeting and evanescent. When you have heard a good joke at the theater you can chuckle over it the next morning. When you have followed a profound study of character you can ponder over it for many days, and compare it with your own observations of the human nature around you. But when your delight at the theater has been chiefly obtained by the contemplation of scenery, and figures, and dresses, I don't know that any definite after-impression remains with you, except, perhaps, that your everyday working life seems very dingy and sombre by contrast. There is nothing to think about the next morning. And this leads me to propose this first general rule for you to take to the theater with you: All enjoyment that depends upon scenic effect, dresses, and groupings of figures, though quite legitimate in its place, is of itself an inferior, temporary, and comparatively uninteresting kind. Scenic effects and illusions have only a real dramatic value and significance when they illustrate human passion and character. And they must be kept quite subordinate and in the background to that. For instance when you go to see the play of Macbeth, the chief thing is not that you should be dazed and half-frightened by elaborate and weird witches' dances and grotesque supernatural effects. Your belief in these, your acceptance of them as real, only shows that you are not yet emancipated from the unconscious notions about the personality and bodily appearance of evil which your grandmothers held and that you are imperfectly acquainted with the resources and the purely mechanical nature of theatrical illusion. The one thing above all others essential to you when you see Macbeth, is that you should look deeply into the natures of the haunted murderer and his partner in crime. And the next thing that you should take delight in is the beauty and vigor and felicity of the language in which the legend is conveyed to you. Then after that, and last of all should come your enjoyment of the play as a perfectly appointed and well stage-managed spectacle.

I do not mean to defend the slovenly mounting of plays. I think the stage should gladly press into service its every beautiful device and every ingenious illusion that scenery and costume can lend to it. But I want you, as critical playgoers, to understand the purely subordinate and merely illustrative character of all stage illusion and accessories. I will try to make this point clear to you. I will suppose one night that you go to see a play that contains what we call a sensation scene. We will say, for example, an explosion in a coal mine. And we will suppose that this is put upon the stage in such a realistic and substantial way as to make you forget you are in a theater, and to actually believe for the moment that you are witnessing the dreadful calamity. Now, bear in mind that, whatever might be the size and resources of the theater, and whatever care and money might be spent upon the scene, it would be some of its essential features be quite unlike the reality. Many of its most vivid details, the strewed, divided limbs, the darkness, the foul air, the horrible heart-rending shrieks, the vast masses of earth rent and tumbling, could at best be only very imperfectly rendered or altogether omitted. The next time you see one of these big sensation scenes, instead of watching in how many particulars it resembles the real scene, watch in how many more particulars, and some of these the most important, it differs from the real scene. But we will suppose that some of the more striking features of a coal mine explosion have been so presented on the stage that you have temporarily mistaken them for reality. Well, what has happened? Merely this. You, a good-natured, simple-minded playgoer, have allowed some very clever carpenters, scene-painters, and property-men, with the help of half-a-dozen pounds of gunpowder and some big, irregular blocks of wood, painted to look like coal or earth, to persuade you that you have witnessed a terrible colliery disaster. You have generously paid your shilling to be terrified by a purely mechanical arrangement of tumbling logs and gigantic fireworks, that have positively nothing more to do with dramatic art, and nothing more dreadful in them than the falling of a child's house of bricks, or the letting-off a squib or a cracker in your own back-yard. And if you could examine the machinery that produced the effects, and were allowed to witness the scene night after night, at the end of a week it would probably affect you no more than these two ordinary homely events that I have compared it with. I think that illustration ought to give you an idea of the value of scenic effect in itself.

Now, the next night after you have seen this coal mine scene, we will suppose you go to another theater, and you see another play. And, for the sake of comparison, we will suppose that the play again treats of the miner's life. But what impresses you most in the second play is some homely scene in the miner's cottage, some lively picture of the terrible hardships or simple joys of the miner's life. There is no particular scenery; the four, or rather the three, bare walls and scanty furniture are the only background to the human figures. I don't stop to inquire whether you take the scenery for reality in this case, because now I am not dealing with the effect of scenery upon you. We have just considered that. What impresses you this time is some domestic episode, we will say the breaking up of the hitherto happy home through shame, or illness, or trouble of some kind. The scene is so well acted that you again mistake it for reality. You actually believe that the favorite son has robbed his employer, the favorite daughter left her home, the sick child will die because the necessary delicacies cannot be provided out of the father's small earnings. The tears roll down your cheek; you feel hate against the betrayer, sorrow for the broken down father, pity for the poor wanderer; or you dive your hand in your pocket and you can scarcely help crying out, "It's all right—she shan't die—I'll send her round a basin of good beef-tea before I go to bed to-night!"

What has happened this time? You have been deceived again—that's plain. That's the first thing that strikes you when you analyze your feelings the next morning. But you have not been so unworthily deceived this time. You don't feel quite such a sense of having been tricked. Your best sympathies, your kindest feeling have been roused, and your heart has been made more tender, and more ready to be moved by the next case of real sorrow or suffering that you come across. Also, you have not been merely deceived to a more worthy end, but you have been deceived by more worthy means. In the sphere of the drama the artistic effort that deludes you by the semblance of human emotion is higher and nobler than the artistic effort that deludes you by the semblance of scenic effects. The counterfeited sorrow has been produced by higher artistic means than the counterfeited colliery explosion. But, all the same, so far as you have allowed yourself to accept what you saw for an actual fact taking place beneath your eyes, you have been deceived. You have been taken in, and you have forfeited the highest pleasure that a stage representation can and ought to afford you.

This stage play should never be mistaken for real life. All art that deceives into taking it for nature itself is inferior and comparatively worthless, and you will agree with me when I say that all demonstrations of biasing and hooligan stage villainy, however creditable

they may be to the moral sympathies of those who indulge in them, merely show that they mistake the real purpose of dramatic art. If the man has played his part well, applaud him; if he has played his part badly, hiss him. But if you hiss him on account of the sentiments he has uttered and the deeds he has done, irrespective of how he has uttered them and how he has done them, you merely proclaim that your judgment and knowledge of theatrical matters are in that immature and undeveloped state that they cannot distinguish between the man and the character he has played, between the stage and the real outside life of the world.

So far as the stage departs from real life it is wrong. There is no kind of play that to me seems so barren, so dead, so wasteful of time as an imitation poetical play, a play that neither paints for you real life as it is, nor yet lifts you into that magic world where the facts of life become shadows, and the truths of life become substance; nor yet frankly sets out to direct you by a caricature or exaggeration of every day life. I have instanced the play and character of Hamlet as types of true dramatic poetry, and I have tried to show you why they are so. If I were to be asked to give an example of a false, a would-be poetic play, an imitation poetic character, I should mention (I hope I sha'n't shock you)—I should mention the play of The Lady of Lyons and the character of Claude Melnotte. I am not now speaking of their merits as an acting play and an acting character. These merits, the merits of stagecraft, in telling clearly and succinctly a very interesting story, are, I am ready to concede, very great. But the acceptance of The Lady of Lyons by the English playgoing public as a piece of poetry only shows that the great mass of theater-goers have either the falsest or vaguest notions of what poetry is; or, to be more charitable, we will say that they have such unconquerable longings for poetry that they are ready to swallow any gooseberry decoction and take it for champagne, provided it has got the champagne label on the bottle.

There is a saying which one frequently hears on the lips of constant playgoers—"When I go to a theater I want to be taken away from myself. Real life is dull enough and wretched enough, goodness knows; I go to a theater to escape from it." I do assure you, with all the force of conviction there is in me, that, so far as you go to a theater to be taken away from your real lives, so far your real lives are wrong and need to be altered, and so far you demand of the playwright that he shall carry you into regions of fantasy, absurdity, exaggeration, and unreality of all kinds. What makes your lives so dull, that you demand of that art whose end is to faithfully reflect and picture them, that it shall take you out of them and provide you with a means of escape from them? What alls you? What makes you so dissatisfied with this real world—to-day—that you should ask your dramatists to create a false world for you, until the very words theatrical, stagey, have come to be associated with all that is unreal, garish, pretentious, sham, and delusive.

Again I assure you that the one thing our modern stage has got to set itself to do—perhaps the only thing that it can do with any effect and thoroughness—is to render a faithful account of the lives of the real men and women around us. I do not condemn any of the lighter forms of theatrical entertainment. I am only asking that they shall be kept in their rightfully secondary place, and that many of them shall be perceived and acknowledged to have no connection with the drama as properly understood. Either in Hamlet's advice to the players—either it existed to show "the very age and body of the time its form and pressure"—either it means this, or it means any haphazard medley of noise and nonsense, folly and insanity, that will draw the shillings from the purse of a half-educated public, and leave their pockets and brains the emptier the next morning. You, as playgoers, have to decide which of these definitions shall describe the drama of your day. We playwrights are in your hands. You are our masters, we obey your wishes; we slave to supply you with the entertainment that you demand. By your encouragement of this play, and your rejection of that, you decree what form the English drama shall take.

#### A Legacy.

Friend of my many years,  
When the great silence falls, at last, on me,  
Let me not leave, to pain andadden thee,  
A memory of tears.

But pleasant thoughts alone,  
Of one who was thy friend's honored guest,  
And drank the wine of consolation, pressed  
From sorrows of thine.

I leave with thee a sense  
Of hands upheld and trials less,  
The unselfish joy which is to helpfulness  
Its own great recompence.

The knowledge that from thine,  
As from the garments of the Master, stole  
Calmness and strength, the virtue which makes whole  
And heals without a sign.

Yea, more, the assurance strong  
That here, which fails of perfect utterance here,  
Lives on to fill the heavenly atmosphere  
With its immortal song.



Experimental.

Mrs. Murphy—Och, Pat, what be yez going to do?

Mr. Murphy—Be gobbs, its shootin' meself I'm goin' to do, to see how I'll luke after I'm dead.

#### A Great Lodge Man.

First Dame—Mrs. Crossly, my husband tells me that Mr. Crossly is very popular among the society gentlemen.

Second Dame—Yes, he is. If I do say it, my husband is a great lodge man.

"Indeed."

"Oh, yes, he goes down town to lodge about seven o'clock every night and returns home to lodge about the same time every morning."—*St. Paul Globe*.

#### In the Far West.

Dakota editor (to foreman)—Are the forms all ready?

Foreman—Yes, sir.

Editor—Pistols and Bowie knives in good shape!

Foreman—Yes, sir.

Editor—Gatling gun loaded!

Foreman—Yes, sir.

Editor—Then let the paper go to press.

#### How a Coon Fight Overcame a Desperado.

A desperado who had for months defied the authorities was sitting in the door of his cabin when a deputy sheriff came up to the fence.

"Stop that, Bob," demanded the desperado.

"Dun stopped," the man replied, resting his arms on the fence.

"Walk on that you stay stopped. What you want round here, anyhow? Ain't you got 'nuff business over in yore own neighborhood without comin' round here whar you haín't invited?"

"I have come over here aifter a feller, Dan."

"Found him yit?"

"Yas, see him a-settin' thar in that do."

"You don't mean me, do you?"

"I mean you, Dan. Got a warrant for you,

Wanter see the dockyment?"

"No, I ain't no han' to fool 'way my time that er way."

"Don't you think I'd better come in an' read it to you?"

"No, I ain't literry to-day, an' don't kere to hear nothin' read. Come over some time next Spring an' I'll give you a hearin'."

"Mont's busy with my crap then, Dan. Kain't you strain a pint'an' haps it to now?"

"No, kain't accommodate you to-day, Bob."

"I thought you wuz mo' accommodatin' than that."

"Usefer be, Bob, but I'm a-gittin' sorter tough as I grow older."

"Now, here, Dan, the sheriff sent me aifter you, an' you've got to come."

"Not to day, Bobby."

"Then I'll hafter fetch you."

The deputy began to climb the fence. Dan, reaching back, taking up a gun and leveling it at the deputy, said:

"Bob, ez soon ez you land on this side uv the fence I'll drap you."

Bob stopped, and, sitting on the fence, replied:

"Dan, this ain't no way to treat a visitor!"

"I think it is," said Dan, lowering the gun,

"fur I am prepar'd to give a wa'm welcome."

"Whul' you take fur your gun, Dan?"

"Don't kere about sellin' it. Need it puttigh nigh all the time."

"Now, ef I wuz to come aifter you an' she wuster snap, whar would you be?"

"An' ef she didn't snap, whar would you be?"

"Say, Dan."

"Wall."

"Bound to have you."

"All right; come and git me."

"No, you air comin' right out uv yore own accord. I told the fellers that I would fetch you back with me."

"Told em a lie."

"Said that you'd be anxious to come, Dan."

"Said a lie."

"Dan, you know Potter's old coon dog?"

"Mighty well."

"We've got him out at the sheriff's office."

"What's that to me?"

"Wait till I get through. Last night the Sarver boys cotch the biggest coon you ever seen—one of them big coons that's ben down on the creek—an' we air goin' to have a fight. The boys have got lots uv licker, an' bets air runnin' putty high. It's the biggest coon ever seen in this country an' a large passul uv the boys low that he ken whup the dog. Old Perkins had just lotch over another gallon uv whisky when I left, an' everything is ready fur a high old jamboree. The sheriff lowed that you mout want to see the sport an' drink a little uv the licker, so he said that if you would come wavin' a pa' ur han'cuffs you mout grace the erosion."

"Bob, ain't you lyin'?"

"No, to the Lawd."

"Ef you're certain that it's Potter's old dog?"

"Ez shore Ez live."

"De he look like he wants to git at the coon?"

"Prancin' like er frost-bit rooster, he's so anxious."

"Big coon, you say?"

"Biggest I ever seed."

"Plenty uv licker!"

"Nuff to float a iron wedge."

"Bob, will you swar to it all?"

"Yas."

"I'll be tuck on trial, won't I, Bob?"

"Yas, aifter the fight."

"What you reckon they'll do with me?"

"Kain't say—mout hang you—but think uv the fun an' licker."

"Bob, got the han'cuffs?"

"Yas."

"Reckon they'll fit?"

"Think they will."

"Wall, come an' put 'em on."

"No, you come out here."

"Bob, of I thought you wuz triflin' with my eeffekshuns I'd shoot you."

"But i ain't, Dan; I'm a tellin' uv the truth."

"Big coon!"

"Buster."

"Wall," putting down the gun and coming out, "I'll be one uv that party. Now," he added as he held out his hands, "put on your invortations."

OPIE P. READ.

#### Unfamiliar With the Toy.

Miss Mullholan—Have yez wan o' them talkin'-boxes handy?

## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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## Our Pictures.

In aiming at the highest possible excellence SATURDAY NIGHT has spared no expense in procuring the most talented writers and finest engravings. The circulation of SATURDAY NIGHT has been so great from the very beginning that it has been found impossible to print the paper with that care which should be bestowed on fine illustrations. But we invite our readers, most of whom, no doubt, are keeping the paper on file, to compare the first productions with those issued during the past few weeks. The greater excellence of the press-work and quality of the paper cannot but be observed. We are not yet satisfied, however, and have resolved on the purchase of the most improved machinery and presses, thoroughly adapted to the printing of an illustrated paper, when we will be able to turn out work as fine as that of any publishing house on the continent.

We call special attention to the class of engravings published from week to week. They are electrotypes from the work of the best engravers in England, France and Germany, and will bear close inspection. No better work has ever been printed in America, and it would be impossible for us to afford our readers such magnificent illustrations were it not done on the syndicate system, whereby a large number of papers through an agent procure the right to make electrotypes directly from the original block as it leaves the hand of the engraver. The right to make these electrotypes costs, in some instances, from \$200 to \$400. This, divided up in a large syndicate, does not bear so heavily upon any one publisher, and the statement is made, that our readers may understand, that we are not simply printing any sort of cuts that we can get, but that we have arranged for and are receiving the very best illustrations in the world. The figure drawing, the faces, the scenery and all the minutiae which go to make up the finest picture can all be found in perfection in our illustrations from week to week. They are really works of art, marred somewhat by the imperfections of printing, but this will all be overcome in the course of a little time.

## Canadian Literature.

The familiar discussion over Canadian literature still crops up at intervals. Despite all that has been said and written on this apparently inexhaustible theme there are some considerations which writers on both sides of the question lose sight of. The best literature is not distinctively national. It does not emphasize race characteristics or flatter patriotic pride. Nobody would think of calling Paradise Lost an English, or the Inferno an Italian, poem. There is nothing specially American about Longfellow's best poem. We cannot imagine Shakespeare sitting down to write Hamlet or Macbeth and saying to himself "I am going to produce a masterpiece of English literature." Burns did not write the Cotter's Saturday Night and Tam O'Shanter in response to a repeated demand for something emphatically and unmistakably Scotch in the way of poetry. Not at all. None of those who have written anything permanent strove and struggled to introduce distinctive national peculiarities or modes of thought. So far as these are apparent in their works they are spontaneous not assiduously cultivated. Really great writer appeal rather to universal humanity than to national instincts or tastes. They strive to free themselves from these limitations, not to create and glorify them.

True literature knows no boundary lines. We have reciprocity of thought, irrespective of treaties or commissions. In the literature of the continent Canadians are holding their own pretty well, all things considered. But the differences in national character and mental structure between us and our neighbors are, after all, not so pronounced as to lead us to look for an obtrusive, irrepressible Canadianism as the natural feature of every literary product of a Canadian pen. Where it is apparent it is usually palpably forced, and those skilled in reading between the lines can see that the writer is trying his hardest to produce something that will rank as "Canadian literature." The inevitable result is to discredit the article thus labelled.

If our literary men will be true to their highest ideals and write the best that is in them, they may very well leave the national tone of their productions to take care of itself.

## Long-Winded Politicians.

The parliamentary season is now upon us. The Local Legislature has opened, and at the end of the month the Dominion House will assemble. For the next few months the daily press will be full of politics. The old issues of fifty years ago will be fiercely fought over, and the country deluged with a "weak washy everlasting flood" of interminable talk. There are many signs that the people are getting tired of this sort of thing, intolerant of long speeches, long reports, long articles, especially when the speaker or writer has nothing new to say. Six-hour speeches, all night political meetings and four column editorials were all very well in old times, when life was less many-sided and men less hurried than now—when politics and religion were the only subjects people had to think about outside of business affairs. Things are different to-day. Our intellectual horizon has

widened. In addition to the increasing pressure of business we have other mental occupation than watching the struggles in the political arena.

The coming man and the coming newspaper will not be long-winded. This is an age of brevity, and people have neither time nor inclination for the old-fashioned style of political debate. Let anyone who doubts this take note of the impatience with which speakers who address any public meeting in Toronto are heard after ten o'clock in the evening. Formerly an audience would sit out a political discussion until the small hours. Now there are few speakers who can command a hearing two hours after the beginning of the meeting. The man who wants to lead in the future must know how to put his ideas in small compass, and stop when he is through.

## Shortening the Atlantic Voyage.

Of late much attention has been devoted to the shortening of the Atlantic voyage. As the volume of travel between the two continents increases the desirability of reducing to a minimum the time occupied by the trip—a period of terror and discomfort to many despite all the luxurious appointments of ocean steamships—becomes more and more apparent. Elaborate calculations are made as to the shortest route, and the possibility of securing fast railroad connection with the extreme easterly jumping-off place which can be discovered. A New York projector has broached a scheme according to which, as he claims, the ocean voyage can be shortened to 34 hours just three days and a half. His plan is to make Labrador the point of departure and save 700 miles of ocean travel as compared with the Halifax route—employ the swiftest vessels procurable and run a railway along the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and through Quebec southward. Possibly the project is feasible, and might in the end be remunerative, for there is an increasing class able and willing to pay heavily for the saving of time and the lessening of suffering involved. But unfortunately for the success of the enterprise the projector's name is Wiggles! This of itself is a fatal drawback. No capitalist could have confidence in a scheme floated by a Wiggles. Such a name would be a continual and irresistible temptation to the newspaper paragrapher to turn the project into ridicule, you really can't take a man named Wiggles seriously you know. It sounds altogether too much like Wiggins, who by the way probably owes the slight estimation in which he is held fully as much to his name as to the failure of his predictions. No, no. Wiggles may have a great head and his rapid ocean transit may be a boon to the traveling public, but he had better keep in the background and let some other fellow with a less suggestive cognomen pose as the figure head.

## New Literary Features.

The publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT expect within a few weeks to complete arrangements for some new and striking literary features for this paper. In point of merit, artistic excellence and costliness they will be superior to anything yet attempted by a Canadian journal. The encouragement given this paper and the proud place it has already established for itself lead us to believe that in this Dominion the support necessary can be found for a really high-class literary and society paper, devoting itself to amusement and instruction. The kindness shown SATURDAY NIGHT and the evident desire of Canadians to have some such paper encourages us in the venture.

## The Smuggler's Love.

(See Page Three.)

The life of the Spanish smuggler is one of hardship and privation, and even his interviews with his beloved must be stolen. Our illustration shows his indulgence in a secret interview with his lady love—she is at her window, and he is on his horse, ready to be off at the first sign of danger. Even the gorgeously caparisoned horse seems to be on the alert watching for danger.

## The Flowers' Revenge.

(See Page One.)

The legend which suggests to the artist this beautiful picture tells of how a young girl, wandering capriciously through the forest, had plucked a bunch of wild flowers. The flowers were at their loveliest, and she tore them bleeding and despairing from their forest home. Carelessly leaving them for a while on the outskirts of the wood, an adder makes his nest in their midst. The dying flowers commissioned the adder to avenge their sufferings, and our picture shows him about to accomplish their vengeance, after the girl, having reached home and arranged the flowers in a vase, throws herself down to sleep.

## The Destruction of Pompeii.

(See Page Eleven.)

Men are walking and talking to-day in the streets of a city, on the marble pavements of which no human footstep echoed for twenty centuries. How strange this fact would seem to us if we did not know the story of that awful day, when the beautiful city of Pompeii, nestled at the foot of Vesuvius, by the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and rich with all the magnificence that wealth could give, was visited with destruction as swift and terrible as that which fell on Sodom and Gomorrah in the days of old. On a summer day, when the blue skies of Italy wore their sunniest smiles, and the season of gaiety at this watering-place was at its height, Vesuvius suddenly sent up a huge tree-like column of smoke, darkness swept over the city, ashes and pumice stone fell in showers, and next day nothing could be seen but a black smoking plain where the villas of Pompeii had glistened in the sun. Our engraving gives an idea of the horrors of that afternoon. A group of women are fleeing with their valuables from the doomed city to the higher ground. Worn out with exhaustion and excessive fear, they have stopped and are looking back terror-stricken at the flames and scoria bursting from the crater of Vesuvius.

In speaking as I have about Berkeley street church, I intend to convey no idea that it is below the Metropolitan or any other city church in intelligence, but that it is above a great many others in hard sense and earnestness. So many speakers forget the principles I have reiterated that I desire to apply them to a congregation rather than to the pastor. Rev. Mr. Benson is a popular preacher, and his lectures have been listened to with pleasure all over Canada, but in hearing him last Sunday night, I felt that he was clothing his ideas with the rainbow rather than pouring out the truth like a thunderbolt.

## Rev. Manley Benson.



HE Berkeley street, Methodist church is neat, but unpretentious, and the interior is arranged to seat the largest possible number of people. The congregation, I should reckon, is made up chiefly of the best class of mechanics and thrifty tradesmen. There is no harder audience to address. They are essentially practical, strong-minded and severely critical. Skilful mechanics are always working up to a given point, and preparing for what comes next. Their manner of life disposes them to exactness of construction and leads them to demand consecutiveness of thought and utterance from those to whom they listen. No one turns away with quicker perception of the failure of an unskillful flight of oratory, than does the educated young mechanician who watches the building of the climax and the heaping up of rhetorical periphrases with a thorough comprehension of the size of what must come next.

If I were a preacher I would rather, with the same mental, spiritual and physical equipment, take the Metropolitan pulpit than Berkeley street. By this, of course, I do not mean the salary and prestige attached thereto; "we preachers" never think of that sort of thing. Berkeley street exacts more work, greater knowledge of men, and, most of all, more originality. In the Metropolitan pulpit the preacher can go into deeper theories and use book-lore to greater advantage, because he is supposed to be talking to a more bookish audience, and if any of the hearers fail to "catch on" they are apt to blame themselves. In a congregation like Berkeley street the preacher is apt to have nothing taken for granted by his hearers. If they like him they will forgive much, but he must expect to be "sized up" by his whole parish.

Note the difficulty of preaching acceptably and profitably to such a congregation. The logic must be good or it will be rejected, and it must be simple or they will not worry themselves to follow it. Everything must be consecutive or the congregation will think you have forgotten something, and their pity for your memory will spoil their respect for your ability. No scraps of sweet metred verse can be admitted for beauty's sake; they must belong there or the quick brains and constructive faculties will reject them as padding. Everything must mean something or the same critics will wonder why so many motions are being made and so much mortar used while no bricks are being laid. The minds which are following the preacher expect to hear the lessons of a master, and therefore demand something they had not thought of themselves or that they have not heard before. They have not read very many books, perhaps, but they have mastered a few. They have heard a good many preachers, and their uncrowded memories have much of what they heard laid away, and any repetition is considered a sign of scanty stock. Generalities mean nothing to them; a more highly studious audience might take time and trouble to particularize for themselves, but the ordinary

hearer wants the work completed for him and the picture presented to his eye as he is to remember it. The same can be said of every class of listener except the student class, which is used to grasp a principle, study over it and apply it.

But chiefly do they demand from a preacher such a delivery as seems to invest the speaker's utterances with importance. What is said must be delivered as if it were a special message or it will be treated as a busy merchant treats the ordinary circular, which, on being opened, is tossed into the waste-basket unread, because it was not written specially for him. A builder looking for points in his trade does not go up into a tower and view the whole city, but examines one building after another; the printer learning his trade does not watch a room full of compositors, but stands by a frame and takes one man as an example. The clerical, mechanical and eminently practical mind needs exactly the same kind of preaching. A definite kind of a man must be preached at or the shot scatterers and no one is hit. The noise of the gun may give a man an idea that shooting is going on, but, if he doesn't either feel the shot tingling in his flesh or hear the bullet whizz past his ear, he remains pretty tolerably comfortable, and is not afraid to go to sleep.

The *dilettante* religionist, the luxuriant pew-holder and easy going worldling do not care to be hit too often, and would sometimes rather hear mankind get an overhauling generically than have their pet sins held up to public scorn. They do not like to see their neighbors turn in their pews and gaze at them with a "that's-meant-for-you" look. But the earnest and practical man and woman cannot have it rubbed in too hard; that's what they are there for! If you can describe one case which one man in the congregation can feel is a picture of himself, you can be certain you are hitting the biggest half of your hearers somewhere.

In speaking as I have about Berkeley street church, I intend to convey no idea that it is below the Metropolitan or any other city church in intelligence, but that it is above a great many others in hard sense and earnestness. So many speakers forget the principles I have reiterated that I desire to apply them to a congregation rather than to the pastor. Rev. Mr. Benson is a popular preacher, and his lectures have been listened to with pleasure all over Canada, but in hearing him last Sunday night, I felt that he was clothing his ideas with the rainbow rather than pouring out the truth like a thunderbolt.

His voice is pleasant, and he is unaffected and gentle. His reading is good, and he seems sincere and in love with godliness. Sometimes I hear preachers who seem half sorry that they have to be pious or lose their job. He is not that kind of a man; he appears to love righteousness and take it for granted that everyone feels interested in heaven and what it is like. The contrary is true. The majority never concern themselves with whether heaven's walls are of jasper or brick. When they get sick they wonder if there is a hell, and when convalescent, as a rule, guess there isn't any such place.

He apparently takes it for granted that men are convinced already of a certain amount of their sinfulness. Not so. He should adopt some of the style of B. B. Osler and cross-examine them on the condition of their soul and the wickedness of their ways. If each man is put into the witness box and jerked backwards and forwards, pulled up and down, shoved from one side to the other and then shown how he has contradicted himself he would go home sore and perhaps penitent. It does not do to put a man in the box, ask him if he is a sinner, accept his answer "maybe a little but none to hurt," and dismiss him with a gentle benediction, or the remark that he had better look out and see if he cannot improve. Such a proceeding in the courts would elicit very little evidence or reveal much of the self-deceit which makes a man contented till some one tears off the mask and shows him he has not only been wrong, but has really perjured himself.

I have dwelt on this sort of thing so often that my readers will think I like to see the sinner lambasted every night. So I do. I feel better myself when some one wakes me up and shows me how mean I am. But in going the rounds in Toronto, I seldom hear an old-fashioned talk, such as used to make me wince.

Perhaps I am becoming hardened, but I think the reason is to be found in the indirectness of the prevalent discourse. I liked to hear Bro. Benson quote poetry, for he does it well, but it did not interest me to hear him describe "the greater things which have come to pass since the time of Nathanael," because time did not admit of it being well done, and the catalogue of inventions, improvements and progressive movements was not edifying inasmuch as it has been gone over by every public speaker on every platform to every audience a dozen times. Again I do not think Christ referred to railways, ocean cables and telephones and I am not aware that Nathanael lived to see these things, though they were crowded into examples under the text "Thou shall see greater things than these" (John I, 50) which referred to the previous clause "Because I said unto thee I saw thee under the fig tree, believest thou?" and to the one following the text, "Ye shall see the heaven opened and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man." Bro. Benson gave himself a chance to introduce these topics by pointing out that we have seen greater things than Nathanael did, but even in this way he was inconsequent because the wonders of invention are to be accounted for by natural laws and Christ's discernment of Nathanael under the fig tree was supernatural.

However I do not intend to criticise the sermon, only to indicate the weakness of the applicatory portion of the discourse. When Bro. Benson referred to the "greater things than these" shown by the power of faith in making men and women better and purer he was quite effective but was remiss in particularizing. He told us we must be truthful, honest, faithful and pure. True enough. But what picture or phrase did he give us to carry away? If he had pictured a wicked man or worthless woman won over to godliness by the power of the Spirit or faith in teachings delivered to the people two thousand years ago he would have shown us something in the line of "greater things than these" and he could have found a thousand instances within his own experience. Nathanael was converted by an exhibition of supernatural power; greater than this is the victory of faith in Christ when He is not with us and He and His power are unseen. Such an application, which indeed was made in a general but indistinct way and without any illustration, would have enabled the speaker to properly introduce an effective example of the power of faith unto conversion and in describing it he might have touched a hundred hearts, whereas the rhapsody in which his knowledge of English shone brightly, and the fact of a European tour beamed forth occasionally, had no power to quicken the slow pulses of self-satisfied sin.

Rev. Manley Benson's elocution is generally good, but in emphasizing "greater," as he frequently had occasion to do, he incorrectly hung on to the first two vowels, "e" and "a." For the sake both of emphasis and inflection, the comparative degree should have been dwelt upon. In the twenty repetitions of the phrase and the word "greater," a climax was intended, and the effect could only be produced by a continuously greater accentuation of the comparative syllable "er," or if "continental" methods were to be employed, by the trilling of the first "r," as in Spanish, where the word "great" is expressed by "grande" and "greater" by "gr-r-ande," and "greatest" by "gr-r-r-ande." By hanging on to the center vowel, it makes it difficult for the voice to rise with the second syllable to the substantive which is being compared.

The choir sings nicely, and is full of sweet young voices, but needs a stronger and bolder bass. Because many of the people I saw at church are my friends and acquaintances, I have taken the liberty in this article of referring to the constituent parts of the congregation, feeling, that to follow the rule I have laid down for others, I myself must be specific in my application. I am sure that under the circumstances they will pardon the liberty.

DON,

## Literary Notes.

It is announced that Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is very comfortably established in Florence for the winter with her two boys.

Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice has accepted a poem from Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox for the February *North American*. It is the first lapse from prosiness to be credited to that magazine under its present management.

The *Elite* is a new publication which is issued in Brooklyn by Messrs. McFeters and Bagwell. It is a bright paper, cleverly written and handsomely printed, and has already found favor with the society people to whom it caters.

There is shortly to appear a book violently attacking the Jews of America, the hope of the author evidently being that such attacks will make a sensation, and thus insure to the affair a big circulation, such as that really able book, *La France Juive*, (from which the American work is to be mainly cribbed), had in France. But it is to be hoped the Jews of America have too much good sense to play into the hands of the speculator on their feelings, and they will probably leave the work severely alone.

First Friend—I should think Dudley's last volume of lyrics would raise the devil in the bosom of his family. All those loves and ladies with mouths of fire and wine, long lithe limbs, and budding breasts, must set Mistress Dudley a-thinking, eh?

Second Friend—Oh, he got round that all right.

First Friend—How?

Second Friend—Dedicated his book to her.

First Friend—And so she imagines she's all of them? black-eyed; gray-eyed; ebon-haired; tawny-haired; a lady of delight, and Heaven knows what not! By Jove! it is worse than being a composite photograph.—*N. Y. Topics*.

It ought to be a lesson worth heeding that the best four successes on the New York stage to-day are American plays, and that most of the importations have been failures this season. No one will be found to deny that the *Henrietta* is the greatest success the Union Square theater has ever known even in its palmiest days. The *Wife at the Lyceum* is just as distinctively American in its color, and is a season's success like the other. *Anarchy at the Standard*, though built on a story of the French Revolution, is of American workmanship, and thoroughly original, while the *Railroad of Love* is a play, the plot of which has been taken from the German, but so altered by Augustin Daly that it may fairly be called a piece of home workmanship. Nor has it needed any special boosting nor any call upon patriotism to make these pieces successful. They have done well out of their own intrinsic merit, and have brought their authors and their managers a very large return for their work and confidence. When will Canada make a hit?

One of New York's big publishers in an interview has said he looks confidently forward to the passage of some MS. International Copyright bill this session of Congress. "We have been talking over it for forty years," he said, "but up to ten years ago no American publisher really wanted such a law. Whenever it came up at Washington the *Harpers*, the *Appletons*, and *Scribner*s and *Putnams* lobbied against it. We simply could not exist in those days if we had to pay

## Here and There.



On Tuesday I dropped into the office so suddenly vacated by E. Strachan Cox and saw Bailiff Severn disposing of the goods and chattels of that Napoleon of finance. It was wonderful to see the curiosity exhibited by the crowd that assembled there. The floor was strewn with cancelled cheques, the letter files were opened, discussed and all their contents put on exhibition, and nobody seemed ashamed to manifest his interest in the affairs of the "darling" whose allurements have brought many besides the Central Bank people to grief. Cox was a high roller and a bad example to the young men of this town. His financial operations were conducted without any regard to the effect it would have on those who dealt with him. Many a man has been ruined in that back room, where on Tuesday old chairs were selling for the price of new ones and rickety tables were being bought as souvenirs of the great "plunger". The blackboards had no quotations on them, the tickers were silent and the look of desolation and ruin seemed to impress everyone present with the certain end of those who seek for fortune in a bucket-shop.

I saw the faces of men there who have dropped their thousands in that very office, and I asked one of them if he had ever been there before. He said "Yes; once," and gave a very leery looking grin. Cox's failure and the voice of the bailiff should serve as a warning to some of the bloods and speculators who have followed the "darling" as their leader.

Buying wine and bossing baseball clubs and whooping her up at races made the boys think Cox was a dandy, and his gorgeousness and apparent success has doubtless led many a young man to think that anyone who works is a fool when good times and lashings of money can be made in keeping a saloon or running a bucket-shop. They forgot that it is the man who runs the bucket-shop who has the money; and Cox's fate should teach them that wealth made that way is apt to take unto itself wings, and that the broker is very apt to have to put on a pair himself and flit to the geographical chance to escape the result of his recklessness.

Great pains were taken to open the elegant cabinet in his office, only to find therein packages of Louisiana lottery tickets, sweepstakes tickets and all sorts of gambling material of that kind, which, however, were no worse than the bucket-shop itself. Cox himself was a young man to think that anyone who works is a fool when good times and lashings of money can be made in keeping a saloon or running a bucket-shop. They forgot that it is the man who runs the bucket-shop who has the money; and Cox's fate should teach them that wealth made that way is apt to take unto itself wings, and that the broker is very apt to have to put on a pair himself and flit to the geographical chance to escape the result of his recklessness.

Yes, my son, there were some lessons to be learned in the bailiff's sale on Toronto street last Tuesday, and some of the lads in there will be apt to remember those blackboards when they are tempted into a bucket shop to put up their money on margins. They will remember the wind up of the "plunger's" Toronto career and keep their earnings in their pockets or put them in a savings bank while they go out and hoe corn or follow some honest if sweaty toil as the best way to make a fortune.

I am told that about half of the gentlemen who have flitted from us belong to a prominent city club. What will be done with them may not reach the ears of the general public, but enough has already been said on the streets to indicate that the most exclusive of Toronto clubs could stand a good deal of weeding, and that, too, among the club men who talk the loudest about keeping up the tone of the organization.

Talking about clubs, I have heard it hinted that language anything but choice can sometimes be heard in crowded rooms where gentlemen unaccustomed to that sort of thing are forced to listen. The house committees have been slow in interfering in this sort of thing, and they cannot commence too soon.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trade was held on Tuesday afternoon, and the City Council Chamber seldom contains as much brains as it did then. The business men of Toronto, as represented by the Board of Trade, are a fine looking body. Their sharp eyes and bright faces, crowned as many of them are by grey hairs, were an impressive sight. Toronto's Board of Trade is a thoroughly representative body, and it would be no doubt difficult for a resolution to pass anything like a full meeting without being thoroughly examined and intelligently dis-

cussed. Few speeches were made, but they were all good, sharp, ringing and to the point. The quickness with which the audience grasped every point and shade of meaning was delightful. The evidence of this was seen when Hon. John Macdonald arose after the president's address and enquired why the names of the mover and seconder of the Commercial Union resolution had been omitted while the motion itself had been given in full. The president replied that in the opinion of the Board it had been considered inadvisable to omit the names. The Hon. Mr. Macdonald at once moved that the names be inserted, and some young man seconded the motion.

As the honorable John was himself the mover of the resolution in question it seemed like a piece of execrable taste for him to get up and clamor for its insertion in the president's address. It so impressed every member of the Board. It is seldom you see an audience so thoroughly disgusted, and Mr. Bertram was not slow to express his opinion in very forcible words. The honorable John was not ready, however, to be sat upon, and he arose again and stated that the names had been eliminated by the Council, and that as the speech was an official utterance it would not be an historical document unless the paternity of the resolution was made known therein. It seemed a childish affair and irritated the members, but the justice of inserting the names soon became apparent, and the query, why were they eliminated? suggested jealousy or some ulterior motive. Two or three speeches were made, when Mr. Henry W. Darling, ex-president, arose, and in his oppressively well-informed way endeavored to point out that it would be a bad precedent to establish. On his rising a second time the Board endeavored to pound him down, and made a manifestation of its dislike of his imperious style in the most unmistakable way. But Henry could not be called off, and he made his speech. Hugh Blain followed him, and scored the point that, as the president's address was supposed to embody the views of the Board, it would be a most dangerous precedent to establish a rule that it must not be criticized. The feeling had entirely changed. The three or four hundred men were largely in favor of inserting the honorable John's name together with that of his seconder, Mr. Wilkie. Some one suggested that it be left to the president who in turn announced that if it were left in his hands he would certainly replace the names. The honorable John thereupon moved concurrence in the speech, and that it be printed for the benefit of the members.

In thinking over the matter it struck me that Mr. Macdonald did exactly what was right. He could easily have depated some member of the Board to make the motion. He was courageous enough to make it himself. There was no hunker-sliding about it. He simply demanded what was right. The resolution was an important one, carefully worded, discussed at great length, and had an important effect on public opinion. Why should the honor of it be taken away from him or the paternity of it be concealed? He demanded nothing but justice and he did it in the straightforward, hardened manner which characterized all his doings. He felt that in framing and assisting to carry the resolution he had done good work and was not disposed to have it ignored. He knows, as every business man knows, that if a man does not assert himself he will be put in the background. If any man is willing to be sat upon, everyone will jump on and sit. The more I think of it the more I admire his nerve. It takes courage, first-class courage, to rise up in a large audience like that and do what he did. The very fact that his action was open to the criticism of bad taste made it a harder thing to do, but he did it in a self-respecting, and not at all in a self-assertive, manner. I have no doubt that those who heard him respected him all the more for it. It may be noted just here that while he was alone when he first spoke, the majority were with him before he got through. I like a man who cannot be sat upon when he is right, and everybody else respects that sort of thing. The way the Board changed its opinion was an evidence of its thorough fairness and ability to grasp the fine point raised.

Joe Chamberlain, who was so well treated while in Toronto, is the incident of the season at Washington, and his reminiscences and comments will be delicious when published. He is without place or honor in the social world of England, being tolerated by Tory aristocrats simply as a useful deserter from the Liberal middle classes. During his recent progress in Ulster the county people severely ignored his banquets and meetings, and the only occasion on which he was recognized in Europe was when the Sultan gave him a meal and a snuff-box. Washington, however, suits him down to the ground. There are good wines and fair food, a certain class of amusing females and some of the sterner sex, who are well stocked with drill stories. Joe is taking it all in, and now that his secretaries have little to do, they have more leisure for chronicling the impressions and opinions of their effervescent chief. Joe always was of a thrifty turn of mind. The fun he is having don't cost him a cent, and he will turn quite a pretty penny if he copyrights his coming book and gets some one to publish it by subscription.

The announcement of Rev. W. S. Rainsford's name as a newly-elected vice-president of the Nineteenth Century Club was premature, though a New York paper says the election is likely to take place. Mr. Courtland Palmer, the president of the club, says no name, save that of Mrs. Mary Putnam Jacobi, has lately been added to the list of vice-presidents, which includes Mr. Daniel G. Thompson, Mr. Parke Godwin, Rabbi G. Gottheil, Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, Mr. Dwight H. Omsted, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Mr. R. J. Cross, Mr. Noah Davis, Rev. William Lloyd, Mr. Moncure D. Conway, Mr. Henry, Mr. Day, Mr. Edgar Fawcett, Mr. Brander Matthews, La Marquise Lanza, Mrs. Courtland Palmer, Mrs. John Sherwood, Mrs. Charles H. Stebbins, Mrs. H. J. Hayden, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. F. A. P. Barnard,

Mrs. Vincenzo Botta, Miss Amy Townsend, and Mr. Wm. Travers Jerome, the secretary, an admirable list, and one that it would seem should welcome the name of a Christian leader, if he consents to go in.



The Highest Bidder at the Grand, the latter part of last week, was a charming and drawing attraction. Young Sothern will yet be as popular a comedian as his father. The company was excellent and the play well worthy of the success it has achieved.

At the Grand this week the first three nights the stage was held by Edwin & Sanger's Sparks Company. A Bunch of Keys is verily a bunch of rubbish. Marietta, known on the programme as "Teddy Keys, a wild rose-bud with the accompanying thorns," was a sappy piece of basswood in semi-transparent stockings, which seemed to enclose the only portion of her anatomy that had any ability. She could dance a little, but she could not do anything else. Ninety-five per cent. of what she said was unintelligible to the audience. She tried to talk fast, jumbled her lines and was inaudible half a dozen seats from the footlights. The next individual was described on the programme as "Rose Keys, her sister, also of the Rose variety, but full-blown and rather of the primrose order." This candid description should be taken literally. All I can add to it is that she is very much of the Early Rose potato order. She wore good clothes, and came on and off in the usual variety style, accompanied by her sister, May Keys, another young woman who did nothing amusing, but sang very well in the quartette. Dolly Dobbs, supposed to be a domestic, jumped on and off the stage like a breech colt, and was noticeable for being pudgy and too well developed sideways for her height. Matilda Jenkins, searching for her lost one—"I'll spare you a description of this doleful lunatic. Gilly Spooner, Jonas Grimes, Tom Harding, Sam Foss completed the cord of wood supposed to make up the cast with the exception of Littleton Snags, set forth on the bill as "a legal gentleman who knows as much about running a hotel as some in that business do." It may also be said that he probably knows how to run a hotel nearly as well as he knows how to act. He and Grimes were the best of them all and that is not much of a recommendation. The latter was no good in comparison to other Grimesys that have been here in the same part.

The downstairs audience was small; the gallery very good. Everybody laughed and seemed to go away satisfied but to the unfortunates who had seen the thing before the performance was a misery. Good acting made the thing funny when it came here first, but after this week it need not come here again. A Bunch of Keys has made more money than any play of its class ever put on the road, but it is getting tired and should retire.

A Bunch of Keys, and the deterioration of the people who are presenting it, proves to me that a plotless comedy has no business to travel more than two seasons. While Uncle Tom's Cabin, Hazel Kirke, East Lynne, and some other "cry-pieces" can go hopping around the country year in and year out presented by the poorest class of actors who are known to the profession as Uncle Tommers, Hazel Kirkers and East Lynners, a comedy cannot do any such thing. The surprises of the burlesque, and the utter abandon of the new comedy, may make people roar for one night and make them sick for two.

The crowd at the Toronto Opera House to see the Lights of London was another evidence of this. The melo-drama, full of the struggles and misfortunes and passions of man can never grow entirely old. Dropping out the Armytage altogether, though they are interesting enough, Seth Preene, Joe Jarvis, Shakespeare his son, Muldoon, Jim, Bess Marks, Hetty Preene, Mrs. Jarvis, and all that crowd, are full of interest to the masses. The play is a picture of life that every one can conceive of. The passions, temptations, weaknesses, jokes and jollities are so natural that, as Mr. Jones says in his lecture (reproduced on another page), you are almost deceived into believing it real life. Lights of London draws like a porous plaster, particularly where prices are low. The scenery, too, is attractive, and does a good deal to assist in the illusion and make people who have seen it advise their friends not to miss it.

Janauschek finishes the week at the Grand. It is unfortunate for her that there are other attractive events on Thursday evening, or she would open with a society audience. The Royal Canadian yacht club will attract a large number who will probably go to the theater Friday or Saturday. Bill Nye's lecture, under the auspices of the Press Club, will take a crowd to Association Hall, but I am sure theater-goers will be careful not to omit seeing her.

Imre Kiraly's spectacular production of Lagardere's Hunchback of Paris, will be the attraction at the Grand Opera House the whole of next week. The play enjoyed a run of one hundred nights in New York early in the season at Niblo's Garden theatre. The story of the play, which is a very romantic one, tells of the preservation of a high-born infant by Henri de Lagardere, the first swordsman of Europe, who, coming to fight a duel with the Count de Nevers, stays vainly to defend his

noble antagonist from assassins, but effectually to rescue his antagonist's child; the growth of the babe to womanhood and Lagardere's successful conduct of the child to her mother's arms, to rank and fortune, in the face of legions of hostile swords, of tricks and ambushes; Lagardere's assumption of the disguise of a vile hunchback, whom he has slain; the temporary reverse of all his schemes; the final triumph in which he also wins the hand of the maid for whom he has risked life and honor—here is every delicious element of improbability, every appeal to the sense of chivalry, every charm for the spirit of adventure. All of the magnificent scenery used in the metropolitan production will be brought here. Mr. Kiraly has given especial attention to the selection of a ballet corp who appear in two new ballets.

Would it not be a good idea to introduce the theater-party in Toronto? It is a pleasant way for people who have no room to entertain their friends otherwise, of doing their share towards making a gay season. It has been, and is, a very popular feature in New York, and would be a very pleasant thing here. A great many people go out who have no room to receive their friends at home. A theater party with a little dinner after it is as jolly as can be.

## PEOPLE WE'VE SEEN.

Alice Dunning Lingard is still in England, reaping a harvest of good fortune as an appreciation of her graceful ability as an artist.

William Horace Lingard, whose star has been in the ascendant ever since he left America, has simply been coining money with his two Pepita companies, both of which appear to have hit the taste of the British public.

It is told of Richard Mansfield's early career in England, that when engaged by D'Oyley Carte to sing in The Sorcerer in his provincial company, he received but \$15 a week the first season and \$20 in the second season. His strike for an extra pound a week secured his prompt return to London, and proved the making of his career.

The seventh hundred performance of Erminie will take place at the Casino on February 29.

Mr. Edgerly, Miss Coghlan's husband, is not to accompany her on her starring tour this time in Jocelyn, and, in fact, Mr. Pitou made this a condition of his contract with the lady. Mr. Pitou feels like most managers, that the husbands of star actresses are undesirable people to have around. They are in the way in front of the house when the audiences wish to express their approbation of the star in their own language, and when they meddle with their wives' business, they are more in the way than ever, and render the life of the manager very uncomfortable.

Mr. Pitou says: Jocelyn is a romantic play in four acts. The scene is laid in France at the commencement of the reign of Louis XIII. The leading part is a wonderful star part and admirably adapted to Miss Coghlan's talent. The story is interesting, the situations are strong and there are several novel dramatic surprises. It is a play entirely different from any I have read anywhere or seen on any stage. The four acts transpire in three days.

But some of the critics say of it: "Mrs. Langtry gave another evidence of her great good sense in refusing it. I do not know of a play that has ever been fixed in the Huguenot or Puritan period that has made a success in this country. The average audiences do not understand the stilted language of that period, and have so little interest in it that they don't care to learn. The dresses of the time, particularly the female ones, are ungraceful and sombre. But in this piece Mr. Charles Coghlan has piled on the agony. The play almost opens with the death of three brothers, for whom the sympathies of the audience are supposed to be aroused, and it ends with three more deaths, so that by the time the play is over, about the only people living are Miss Coghlan and her lover, for I don't doubt the audience will be half dead of boredom by that time."

Ellen Terry has her little eccentricities. One very dull day at the Lyceum, in London, we are told, she amused herself by sliding down the banisters leading to the dressing rooms. The company was shocked, and, when they saw Irving coming, expected a scene not down on the bills. But Miss Terry went up to Irving with clasped hands. "If you please," said she, in penitential tone, "I can't help it; the place is so gloomy." And Irving answered, "I like it; do it again!"

Only the wildest managerial strategy prevented a breach recently between Mrs. James Brown Potter and her leading man, Kyrie Bellew. It appears that while in New York Mr. Bellew was quite satisfied with his position, second to the star, but once on the road, where it was necessary to extend his reputation, various were the ways and devious the methods by which he sought to make himself felt. Immediately after Romeo and Juliet was taken on the repertoire Mr. Bellew, I am told, took on an air of indispensability, and "permitted himself to be interviewed"—in the language of the irate star—in every city the company visited. Mr. Bellew, in these interviews, without saying it in so many words, gave the recording scribe to understand that Mrs. Potter was wholly dependent upon him for stage business. Not a step forward or backward, not a gesture or the raising of an eyelid did she perpetrate without first consulting him. Of course, when these tidings came to Mrs. Potter's ears she was very angry, for, like all people who imagine themselves a genius, she prides herself on originality. But she stilled her wrath, and bided her time. Her opportunity came about a week ago. Mr. Bellew, when he was off the stage, had a way of going to the prompter and taking the book, assuming a position so near the stage that he was in full view of the people in the opposite side of the theatre. Then he would motion his hands upwards when Mrs. Potter raised her voice, or beckon forward or wave his arms back when she came forward or retired up the stage, manifestly to convey the impression that he had the entire charge of the dramatic future of the star, and that she acted literally under his directions. Mrs. Potter determined that this annoyance should end, and went one night after the recital of a long speech, to the wing, and taking the book from Mr. Bellew ordered

him peremptorily away, putting the prompter again in charge. Of course, Mr. Bellew was mightily offended, but Mrs. Potter was firm in insisting that he had no right to hold the book. There was a lively row for a few days, and although Mr. Bellew continues in the company, he no longer poses as Mrs. Potter's dramatic instructor.

Bob Downing, the handsome tragedian, recently played a one-night stand in the South, where the Salvation Army held nightly meetings, and with bass-drum paraded the streets. Bob, in company with Joe Mack, quietly took in one of these meetings, during which they were handed a card, which read as follows:

"If I should die to-night, I would go to—"

Bob wrote on the reverse side of the card as follows, handed it in and walked away:

"If I play this town again I will go to hell."—Cin. Eng.

One of the New York dramatic papers says:

"In his crusade against indecent printing the mayor of Chicago will have the commendation of every respectable member of the theatrical profession if he but confines himself to the suppression of objectionable pictorial paper. In his zeal, however, the official has gone beyond the limits, if the Chicago newspapers are correct. According to these journals the mayor has declared that hereafter no theatrical printing shall be posted within the city limits until it has been inspected and approved by him. The gentleman, in other words, arrogates to himself the office of censor." He seems to be a sort of Howland.

## Singers of Sacred Song.

In our gallery this week we present portraits of three of the ladies whose sweet voices aid the eloquence of Dr. Wild in drawing crowds to Bond street church, Sunday after Sunday: Mrs. Frank Buxton, nee Miss Frances Poole, Miss Kate King and Miss Hall.



MRS. FRANK BUXTON.

Mrs. Buxton is a very pretty brunette and is of a quiet, retiring disposition. She has a light soprano voice of great purity and sweetness. Mrs. Buxton has severed her connection with Bond street choir and is about to return to her native place, London, England.



MISS KATE KING.

Miss Kate King has been in the Bond street choir for several years. She is also a blonde and is very engaging in her manner. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano and is very sweet in the lower notes.



MISS HALL.

Miss Hall's pleasant features are familiar to frequenters of this church, where she has sung for over eight years. She has a soprano voice of considerable range.

## After the Dinner.

Miss Gotham—What an elegant menu they had!

Miss Chicago—Did they? Well, now, I didn't notice it. You see, I was so busy sizing up the bill of fare.—Life.

## WIDOWER JONES.

A Faithful History of His "Loss" and Adventures in Search of a "Companion."

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD.

Author of "Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XIX.

BEN CONSPIRES WITH RUFÉ GILBERT.

Ben got back to the village tavern just in time to witness his father's discomfiture at the hands of Rufé Gilbert. Supposing that there must be some reason for his old-time friend's practical joke, he found an opportunity of getting Rufé up into his room, where he pulled off his wig, and was recognized at once.

"Well, by —, it's Ben Jones. When in — did you git back?"

"Yesterday. I'm laying low for some fun with the Deacon, and I saw you taking a little out of him yourself to-night, so I thought we might as well stand in."

"I saw yeh standing there, but didn't know who in — it was! They think 'round here yeh air president of the railroad, tryin' teh git yer graft in on town lots!"

"Why were you doing the old man up? Has he been making a fool of himself?"

Rufé's face took on another degree of blackness as he answered: "Well, I should say so. He was up to th' house tryin' to spoon round Ruth, and for two cents I'd uv thrown him out into th' road!"

"The old fool! And what did Ruth say?"

"She's always ready for a lark, an' was givin' him fits till he couldn't see. I thought first it was mother he was after, an' if it had been, I'd uv punched his head in a minute. She's gittin' old an' doty-like, an' no tellin' what she might do! But Ruth! She kin take care uv herself, an' more, too!"

"Yes, I know she can. I wonder if she would join us in a lark with the Deacon?"

"How d'y'e mean?"

"Why, encourage the old man for a while and then give him the bounce and call us in to help do it."

"By — that'd be a picnic eh!" Rufé laughed and slapped his knee. All at once he seemed to take offence and grumbled out: "But how'd Ruth look? Iaint guntu have her made a fool uv!"

"Don't talk like a fool yourself, Rufé," Ben retorted sharply. "I wouldn't see Ruth put in any false position for all the jokes and deacons in the country. There will be no one to see it excepting them of us who won't tell and Ruth herself will be glad to teach old Suij, the tule good woman."

"The Bunner girls are brought up now and too old to be mothered by Mrs. Turner or anyone else, and it'll just make trouble," Bessie protested sharply.

"Why? Now just tell me why! If their father feels lonesome like an' wants a companion why shed they git mad an' act up!"

"Of course, " chimed in Maggie McTagger, complacently. "Why should they if their paw's happiness was worth anythin' to them more'n selfishness."

"I don't believe in second marriages!" snapped Bessie, "particularly when people are old and have some one to take care of them."

The Deacon was too exultant to heed the storm signals, and, having determined to break the ice while "company" was present, persevered in the discussion of the question, supported by Maggie McTagger and her mother who both beamed on him encouragingly.

"If mother hadn't been married twice I would never bin here," simpered Maggie, "an' I've alwas heard mother say her second marriage was happier ner the first, wasn't it, mother?"

"Mai! oh mai! it was surely! Donald, my first mom, was a tay-reble drinker!"

"That doesn't prove anything," retorted Bessie. "You may have had a bad experience first, but you can't compare that with old John Bunner's marrying again. His first wife wasn't a drinker, and was a great deal kinder to her husband than he deserved. It will be a crying shame if he gets married again! Won't it, Mr. Spring?"

"Of course I don't know the circumstances," answered the young preacher cautiously, fearing to offend the Deacon on one hand and Lou on the other, "but as a rule I don't favor second marriages when there is a grown-up family. It is almost certain to cause trouble."

"But then hain't the fault of th' marridge," exclaimed the Deacon, with his mouth half full of pie, but afraid of losing a chance to put in his oar. "It's the fault of th' famly gittin' mad an' actin' up."

"Well, who wouldn't get mad and act up, if they saw their mother's place filled by some strange woman? I know I would!"

"Now, Bessie, cried Maggie, who saw signs of trouble. "I don't believe yeh would, though I don't s'pose as ever yer paw'll marry agin, but if he did yeh wuzn't stand in the way of him bein' happy an' havin' some one teh take care of him when you'n Lou air married off, as I hear hain't unlikely."

The Deacon's grateful glance, and Maggie's knowing look at Frank and Mr. Spring as she said this, only added to Bessie's anger.

"You don't know anything about it, Maggie McTagger; no person of any feeling would think of such a thing. How would you like your mother to get married and bring some old man into your house to boss you 'round?!"

"I wouldn't mind a bit if I thought it'd make mother happy."

"Mai! oh mai, seech tok!" simpered the old lady in her shill falsetto, seeming to take kindly to the idea.

"What's the good saying such nonsense?" You know you would care, and as for making anyone happy getting married when they're old enough to be thinking of the grave, it's all fudge. You know they're always miserable."

There was time for no more description. Miss McTagger had pushed open the door and rushed inside. "Why dear-dear-dear, Bessie!" she cried ecstatically grasping Bessie around the neck and giving her a violent hug between each ear."

After Bessie had escaped from the embraces, Miss McTagger held her at arms' length, exclaiming:

"Mai! oh my! How beau-ter-ful you've got to be looking! Mai! oh my! The love-li-est hair!"

"Mai! oh mai! Elec-a-beeth, is that you? I seen you are looking fain!" spluttered Mrs. McTagger, giving Bessie a couple of very large, moist, and explosive kisses square on the mouth.

Lou introduced the guests to Hope, who had heard a volley of compliments from Mrs. and Miss McTagger to the effect that they had heard so much of her wealth, beauty and goodness that they could hardly find words to express their delight in at last having an opportunity to behold the vision of loveliness itself. They gazed at one another, then in admiration at Hope, repeating "Mai! oh my!" and finally declaring that half had not been told about her loveliness.

Hope had always been averse to hearing compliments and since Deacon Jones had hissed that shameful word in her ear, her sensitive nature had been hardly able to bear any soothily, much less that which might expect her to engage in conversation. This nauseating flattery was loathsome to her, and murmuring a few words of thanks she hurried away to her own room where she wondered how it would be possible to spend an hour in such company.

At the sitting-room below she could hear Maggie McTagger going into ecstasies over the fancy work, artificial flowers, bedspreads and everything else within the circle of the McTagger vision.

Bessie was making a noble effort to entertain them and hide her disgust, and the ludicrous fragments of conversation which Hope could not avoid hearing, at last almost moved her to mirth.

"Mother! Did you ever see so lovely a mat?"

"Mai! oh mai!" came the echo in prolonged falsetto.

"And look at that tidy, isn't it just sweet?"

"Mai! oh mai!" again echoed the mother, who had a very strong Scotch accent.

At this point Aunt Becky's voice could be heard screaming from the kitchen. "Who is it? Who is it?" and a moment later she was in the room below crooning out, with reference to the tint of Miss McTagger's hair—

"Red-head go to bed; Yer mammy's runned away—"

"What did the young blackguard mean by talking the way he did to the Campton girl?" he enquired.

"I don't know much more about it than you do!" answered Rufé, suddenly losing his vivacity. "I think it's a shame th' way people are talking about that girl. I always thought she was too high up an' perfect even teh speak to, but she seem to say she naint no better'n the rest, though I swear I can't b'lieve it!"

"What have you heard?" persisted Ben, through a cloud of cigar smoke.

"That old Hooper woman was to our place

last week an' hinted that Hope hed suthin' th' matter of her character or suthin', an' kind uv let on happened afore she came here, but she didn't say who th' man was or how she know'd it!"

"The child is only nineteen now, and she's been here for three or four years."

"That's what Ruth said, but Mrs. Hooper guessed she was older'n that, and mother kinder sided in and said she looked to be nigher twenty-five than twenty. I didn't hear 'em talkin' er I think I would have throwed the old tattle out of th' house. Ruth did give the old buzzu a blast, but I notice even she ain't to see me."

"Did Mrs. Hooper tell where she heard the story?"

"No, only that she got it so straight that there couldn't be no mistake. Ruth understood her to say that Hope owned up teh th' hull thing."

"I don't believe a word of it, Rufé! They are slandering the poor girl, and if I were any relative of hers, I'd sift the thing to the bottom and see what it means."

"Ner I don't b'lieve it nuther; but what kin yeh know?"

"I don't think she's ever had a chance to deny it!"

"For my part," continued Rufé, shifting uneasily in his chair and seeming much embarrassed, "I can't look at them eyes of her and that—er—religious face an' think she's ever did anythin' wrong; but if I was to take her part, people'd be sure she wasn't right. Now, wouldn't they?"

"No, Rufé," said Ben, gravely, "you're mistaken."

"She's always ready for a lark, an' was givin' him fits till he couldn't see. I thought first it was mother he was after, an' if it had been, I'd uv punched his head in a minute. She's gittin' old an' doty-like, an' no tellin' what she might do! But Ruth! She kin take care uv herself, an' more, too!"

"Yes, I know she can. I wonder if she would join us in a lark with the Deacon?"

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"Why, encourage the old man for a while and then give him the bounce and call us in to help do it."

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"For half an hour longer Rufé and Ben sat talking together over old times and the scrapes they had been in together. With a reticence he hardly understood, Ben led up to the encounter he had had with Joe Roach, and the cause of it.

"What did the young blackguard mean by talking the way he did to the Campton girl?" he enquired.

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## FOR TWENTY YEARS:

A Story of Love and Life in England.

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

Author of "Old Middleton's Money," "Victor and Vanquished," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER X.

"And so you've come home at last, George, my boy!" said old Gilbert next morning, as he woke up and saw his son standing beside him. "You've had a long holiday, and must set to work again now. You're not looking the better for it, boy. You're very thin and changed, somehow; or, maybe, it's only my old eyes that don't see as they ought. But I glad you've come back, George, for I'm not feeling as strong as I was and I shall be eighty-four come midsummer. It's time you married, my son, and—here old Gilbert smiled knowingly and dropped his voice—"you needn't fear to ask her, George. She loves you true, does Patience—a sweet, good lass."

"Ah, that she is, father!" replied George, his face softening as he looked at the old man and listened to his talk.

Seven years to old Gilbert seemed but seven months. He thought his son had left him but the autumn before.

"Ye won't want long to settle it with her, will ye?" asked Gilbert, anxiously. "I'd like to see Patience your wife before I die. I told you so in the summer. I sha'n't last much longer. I get weaker, somehow. Don't tarry, George, but settle matters."

George laughed, and gave the old man an evasive answer that satisfied him for the time.

What would he not have given to have been able to do as his father asked him? His rage against Adelaide—his desire for revenge—had left him for the moment. If he could only get rid of her—forget her; if the past could only be blotted out, and he be made a free man again—oh what would he not have given?

There was one way, but he shrank from it; to expose Adelaide; to tell the whole tale to the world; to drag her down from her high position, and then to leave her to her fate.

Last night the idea filled his heart with cruel joy; to-day it made his blood curdle with horror. He had ceased to love her, yet he could not resolve to punish her.

If he did, and Patience would know all; would she still love him? Would she care for the love of an injured, betrayed man? His father was sure that Patience cared for him; but, if she knew all, would she still care for him?

She deserved the first, fresh love of a man's heart. Would she be content to accept his, even if he could offer it to her?

What a sweet, calm face she had—what kind' true eyes—how full of goodness was her smile!

When George contrasted her with the pale, haughty woman he had seen for an instant the day before, handsome as Adelaide undeniably was, Patience appeared to him far the more beautiful, infinitely the most lovable of the two.

Time had but added to Patience's beauty and matured its promise—time had detracted from Adelaide's; the bright sunny expression, the effect of buoyant spirits and excellent bodily health, had fled from her face forever, and been replaced by a proud, dissatisfied, weary look, that took from the perfectly-formed features half their charm.

George seldom left the home farm for the first few days after his return. He disliked showing himself abroad, and shrank from meeting his old neighbors, and from their kindly but indiscreet questioning: they could not comprehend the agony it was to him to talk about the past, and they on their part thought him reticent and unneighborly for not entering into particulars and satisfying their curiosity as to his daily life in prison, and his feelings on being unjustly condemned. Even the kind Hollingsfords were surprised at his silence on many points, only Patience understood him.

He wished, yet dreaded, to meet Adelaide; he did not feel that he could trust himself in her presence yet, but he knew they must meet soon, and strove to school himself to meet her, not with anger and reproaches, but with a firm, quiet heart.

The meeting took place sooner than he had anticipated, and was not of his seeking, nor hers, but came about by chance.

The duke had gone back to London, but the earl had been so strangely unwilling to part with Adelaide that he had insisted on her remaining another week at Yardly.

And one afternoon, as Adelaide was walking through the wood—the very wood in which the poaching affray took place seven years before—she found herself face to face with George Yorke.

He was standing, still and silent, beneath a huge leafless elm, his arms crossed, and his face dark and lowering.

The black hour was upon him again. He was thinking of the parting from his wife in that wood.

He did not see Adelaide till she was close to him. Then, as her eyes fell upon him, she gave a little shriek.

She thought he had tracked her, and was waiting for her, and she turned as if to fly; but his strong hand was on her arm in a moment.

"Stay, your Grace; I have a word or two to say to you!" he said in a stern voice, and looked into her pale, terrified face contemptuously.

"Release me!" she cried, trying to wrest her arm from his grasp.

"You! I may not touch you," he laughed—

"You my wife—your own flesh and blood!"

And he burst into a laugh.

She trembled from head to foot. His blazing eyes were fixed on her face; his teeth were chattered; every nerve quivered with rage.

Suddenly he pushed her from him, and, half fainting, she sank on the trunk of a tree. He covered her face with his hands, and groaned aloud, while large tears rolled down his cheeks.

"George!" she said faintly, as he took away his hands from before his eyes, and looked at her again—"George! forgive me! Don't—don't kill me."

And she shrank away as he made a stop or two towards her.

"Kill you!" he said, with a bitter sneer. "No, no, my lady, I know better than that! It isn't worth while to swing for such a one as you!"

"Then, why—what?" she faltered.

"Why am I here? What a question for a good, faithful wife to ask the husband she has not seen for seven years!" he answered, in the same tone. "What am I going to do? Of course, that is what you meant to ask. Why, what should I do with such a treasure as you, Adelaide, but take you home to my heart and house—take you away from everyone, to live with me?"

"But—but you forget—you don't know who I am!" she said.

"Don't I?" he sneered. "I know very well, too well, who you are—my wife, Lady Adelaide Yorke, the wife of George Yorke, ex-convict, once an honest farmer and a happy man, till he fell in with you—serpent!"

He blessed the last word through his clinched teeth.

"You could have saved me, and you didn't!" he cried, a moment or two later in a different tone, one of bitter reproach and agony. "You could have told all, and saved me from seven years of a life the horror of which no one who has not endured it can dream! But you wanted to be rid of me. You were tired of me. You repented of marrying me, and I, fool that I was, loved you, and waited and waited, and to save you would not speak, till it was too late and my doom was pronounced! And how have you repaid me? I come back, my innocence proved at last, and find you—What do I find you, Adelaide?"

He paused. Adelaide never moved.

"Go!" he said, at last. "Meet me in the wood, t'other side of the stream, three days hence, at this hour. I'll have made up my mind by then. No more now."

And without a word of farewell, George Yorke strode away; and Adelaide, sobbing and trembling, turned her steps towards the castle.

Strange to say, at that moment she felt her old love for George reviving, and bitterly regretted the days of her early youth, when he and she were lovers, and galloped over hill and dale together after the hounds, or strolled by woodland, hand-in-hand through the park.

But to live at the Manor Farm, poor, despised, unemployed. What a life! She had dreamed it years ago, as soon as the first infatuation of her girlish love was over, and she had seen a little of the world she was born to, and now, after years spent in luxury, the thought of it was terrible. And now there would be no love to sweeten the trials of a lowly state; only hatred and reproaches—perhaps worse.

"Adelaide, you look like a ghost!" cried Aunt Cicely, as she met the duchess in the hall. "Where have you been?"

"I've been seeing ghosts, Aunt Cicely," she answered, and hurried on.

But the glance she gave her and the tone she spoke in frightened Lady St. Quentin. She had heard and seen each twice before.

"Yardly does not suit her, that is certain," mused Lady St. Quentin. "The duke will be back again in a few days, and then, I suppose, they will go. Hetherington is better. Heigho! I shall not be sorry to leave, either. This weather is terrible; and the place is dull, even to an old woman like me. No wonder Adelaide found it so."

All that evening Adelaide felt like one in a dream. She could hardly realize the terrible situation in which her own folly and crime had placed her. She was at George's mercy—the mercy of a deceived, outraged husband. Her blood ran cold when she thought of the terrible expression of his face when he first saw her, and the contempt in his tone when he told her he would not kill her—she was not worth it—made her writhes and cringe with shame and humiliation. He could never forgive her. What would come of it? How could she bear the three terrible days of suspense before her, and which must elapse before she knew what fate had decided on for her?

Once or twice the thought of putting an end to her own existence came into her mind. Of what good would life be to her in future? But Adelaide's nerves were unstrung. She could not contemplate such a crime without terror, and with a shudder she put the thought from her.

That night George took out the old cash-box in which their marriage lines were locked, and which Patience, in accordance with the whispered instructions given her by George in the prison before he was condemned, had preserved with care, and unlocked it.

The small faded paper recording his marriage with Adelaide Harcourt lay where he had put it, and no hand had touched it, since the day he locked it away previous to meeting Adelaide in the wood, little dreaming that it would be the last time he would see her for so many a long day.

He looked at it a long time without moving; then he took it up and put it in his inner pocket where, years ago, it used to be—next his heart, and let bygones be bygones!

"Listen to her," he said sarcastically. "I am to forget everything! Forget I ever loved her. Forget what I threw away for her sake! Forget all I have suffered! Forget all my shame, misery, degradation! And why? That she may live a life of ease and luxury!—that that she may not be brought to shame and disgrace!—that she may not suffer! Ha, ha!"

She writhed under his words.

"If you hate me, what happiness could my presence in your house bring you?" she asked.

"Happiness? None! But revenge is sweet," he answered.

"Revenge! Oh, George!" she cried.

"Yes. Won't it be sweet for me to see you, who betrayed and deceived me, cringe before me; to see my Lady Adelaide, her Grace that was—fetch and carry for me; cook, scrub, wash, do this, that and the other for me; come to my whistle, do as I bid her; tremble if I am angry, fawn on me if I am kind!" he replied, brutally.

"That I will never do, George Yorke," she cried, starting to her feet. "Your slave I will never be, nor play the ignominious part you describe. Do your worst! I defy you! I will never live in such degradation! I will never live in such shame!"

Her eyes flashed, her cheeks flushed. She drew her slender figure up 't its full height. She looked once more like the Adelaide of old, and George's heart, as he gazed on her, softened.

"Do you think I have not suffered, too?" she cried. "You do me a cruel wrong, George Yorke, when you say I wilfully sent you to prison. I did no such thing. I was at death's door when your sentence was pronounced. I knew not whether you were Winch's murderer or not, say what you will. I thought you would never come back. You are right there. Had I thought ever to see you again, do you think I would have done what I have? Never! I would have held out against all threats and persecutions, as I did hold out till you were gone forever, I thought. Oh! was I wrong, so very wrong? What was our marriage but a formality? I was only your wife in name; and remember, you tempted me, you persuaded me! How often did you not entreat me to marry you secretly? Ah, if I had only resisted to the end, instead of giving in weekly, as I did!"

And she took up a novel and began to read.

She had read for nearly an hour, when the sound of wheels was heard.

"Visitors? Who can they be? I can't see any one," cried the earl, testily.

"They won't come here. James will show them into the drawing-room," replied Lady St. Quentin, putting down the book. "Don't distress yourself, Hetherington." And she went to the window. "Oh, it's not visitors at all; it's Almadale!" she cried.

"The Duke! Why, I thought he was coming to-morrow!" the earl exclaimed.

"So Adelaide said; but I suppose she made a mistake? She's been so odd these last few days I haven't been able to get a word out of her. Ah, my dear Hubert, here you are!"

And the Duke entered.

"A bitter cold journey I've had, too," he said. "Hope you're better, Lord Hetherington!"

"No; worse!" groaned the earl.

"Indeed! Sorry to hear it. Who do you think I met in town, Lady St. Quentin, and who do you think is dead?"

"Can't say. Who?" cried Lady St. Quentin, quite interested.

"I met Lady Roche, and Roche is dead," he replied. "A release for her."

"Hum! I suppose so; though I must say I never liked Eliza Roche," answered her ladyship.

"She was better than many people thought her, and she was a beautiful woman once. People are all saying she will marry Willoughby now."

"Already! How people talk!" sighed Lady St. Quentin.

"Don't believe Willoughby is a marrying man!" growled the earl. "If he is I don't envy him Lady Roche."

"Nor I," answered the Duke. "Where is Adelaide, Lady St. Quentin? She might come to say, 'How do you do,' I think."

"Exigent man! Seven years married nearly, too!" laughed Lady St. Quentin. "But be comforted; Adelaide is out."

"And such a damp evening! Well, as I was saying—"

And the duke went on to relate various small pieces of news and gossip, whilst Aunt Cicely took her cup of afternoon tea and was more amused than she had been for a good many days past by the harmless gossip Almadale retailed to her.

Adelaide, wrapping herself up in a long sealskin mantle, had hurried away to the rendezvous appointed by George as soon as she had got rid of Aunt Cicely and her questionings,

She looked behind her several times, as if she feared her aunt might be following her, or have sent a servant after her. But Aunt Cicely, as we have seen, did no such thing, and Adelaide walked on undisturbed.

The river, a deep, swift stream, ran through the castle grounds about half a mile from the house. Trees grew on each side of it, and a little rustic bridge, with a handrail on one side, led from the park across it, into the wood where George and she had arranged to meet.

She paused as she got to the bridge and looked down into the stream. The snow had swollen the torrent, and it dashed and foamed against the rocks below, and then flowed on with a dark, deep, still current.

The night was falling, and had already settled down on the wood, covered hill on the other side of the river. The leafless trees were bare, and the moisture dripped from their branches like rain, whilst a faint wind moaned and sighed through the pine trees. It was a wretched evening, too.

Adelaide paused at the bridge, with her hand on the rail, as if she hesitated to cross it.

"I must be weak and nervous indeed," she muttered; "I who used to fear nothing, and was as foot sure as deer! Now, that seething, bubbling water below makes me giddy. How old the poor little bridge has become! How well I remember its being mended when I was a child, and this rail being put to it. Well, it seems narrower to me now that it did then. I remember I laughed at the idea of the rail. I couldn't dare cross without now, Bah! I wonder what makes me think of such trifles now, at this time."

And, taking hold of the rail, Adelaide walked quickly across.

She gave a sigh of relief when she found herself on the other side, and walked quickly on. In five minutes she was in the middle of the wood, and saw George advancing towards her.

She began to tremble as he approached, and leant against the trunk of a tree for support.

(To be Continued.)

## Long After.

I see your white arms gliding,  
In music over the keys,  
Long drooping lashes hidin'  
A blue like summer seas;

The sweet lips wide asunder;

The blue tremble as you sing;

I could not choose but wonder,

You seem so fair a thing.

For all these long years after

The dream has never died,

I still can't tell you my side;

Still see you at my side;

One lily hiding ruder

The waves of golden hair;

I could not choose but wonder

You were so strangely fair.

For all these long years after

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

## The New Parson.

A Sketch Suggested by the Pulpit Criticisms in "Saturday Night."

Should any inquisitive person, after reading the succeeding lines, be rash enough (having penetrated the incognita of the name) to search the pages of the Canadian Gazetteer for the village of Placentville he would probably find it described in something like the following manner:

A thriving post village in the province of Quebec, county of Blank, contains two stores, a church, one hotel and a saw and grist mill; pop.; 200.

The thriving post village in question, to use the pleasing fiction of the Gazetteer, was founded by an industrious beaver in pre-historic times, who, having decided that the spot offered an eligible site for his family residence, proceeded energetically to dam the river (a proceeding which his successors copy with avidity every day). This action of the first settler, unlike that of those of later days, had a very decided effect upon the general configuration of the country, for the river, its channel being obstructed, rose and spread itself over the surrounding land, converting the level tracts into semi-swamp and marsh. Thus it came to pass that the Placentville farming lots are of so decidedly aqueous a texture, and the veracious land agent who induced the beavers' immediate successors to settle, was enabled in his glowing prospectus to describe the locality as "well watered" without the slightest departure from the truth; so well watered is it in fact that the great difficulty in spring is to find the land, which even in summer gives to strangers the idea that in its composition a very little earth was used to a great deal of water. But nature always provides some recompense, and in this case where there is land she provides it in an extremely solid form, and the marshy meadows are covered thickly with the huge slabs of rock which give a cheerful churched aspect to the otherwise dreary waste.

On a gentle rising ridge running parallel with the river are situated the homely mansions of the dwellers of the soil, about fifteen in number, scattered at irregular intervals along the winding road, wherever a swelling of the ground seems to offer protection from spring floods. A strange medley are these houses, the lordly frame and aristocratic brick—brethren in adversity—hob-nobbing with the plebeian log hut, whose dirty rainwashed exterior makes one shudder to think what its unwashed interior must be like.

Half way down the village street stands the one remaining store (the other was destroyed some time previously by a providential fire much to the advantage of the occupier who scraped the moist soil of the village off his boots and departed rejoicing to more congenial scenes) which is the center of the business activity of the village. Here pallid butter and flabby cheese and doubtful eggs are exchanged for flour, currants and other necessities of life, which have remained so long in their respective barrels and bins as to have acquired a pleasant distinctive flavor of their own.

Inside the store is a little group of loungers, scattered about in different attitudes, some seated upon the stove (it is late in the summer) the rest lolling upon the counters or leaning upon the various boxes which lumber up the floor. Each individual is differently attired, but all are with remarkable unanimity chewing tobacco with an energy which, if expended upon their fields, would have wrought a wonderful improvement in the financial position of the community.

"Wal," said a tall, dirty-looking man, standing behind the counter, "I don't see as how the parson's got any call to speak about trade and such things down at the church. Let him preach the gospel; that's what he's paid for, I guess."

At this remark a faint smile went round the circle. To the Placentville mind there was evidently something very humorous connected with the idea of the parson's pay.

"You're quite right, Uncle Si," says a great, loafer fellow. "What call 'as' e got to talk as 'ow we trade? What does 'know about it? Let 'im preach the gospel, and he kicked his heels viciously against the pork barrel on which he was seated, to the great discomfort of the weevils and other live stock inside which Uncle Si supplied to his customers gratuitously along with the pork. And he went on chewing savagely. He was the horse trader of the village and was evidently much moved by the discourse in question.

"What I says is this," continued Uncle Si, dexterously covering a moth-hole in the flannel he was measuring with his hand, "a man ain't got no call to tell lies in business, but he's goin' to sell his stuff for all he can, and if folks are darned fools enough to give him more than it's worth that's their lookout; the parson's got no call to interfere—let him preach the gospel."

"What call 'as' e got to say 'orse trading's cheating?" broke in the occupier of the pork barrel, still kicking away at his seat. "I guess I can buy an old 'orse if I likes, and trade 'im 'ow I likes; and the parson's got no call to interfere—let 'im preach the gospel." And he wound up with a volley of expletives, in which the whole assembly joined. Evidently horse trading was a very sore subject.

"I tell you what it is, boys," says Uncle Si, impressively, "he may do very well for the city, but he won't do here. He don't know the lay of land. The sooner he goes the better."

So the fiat went forth that the new parson must go. Uncle Si had said "He won't do," and Uncle Si's word was law.

However republican we may be in theory, the real republic is still as far off as it was in the days when the late lamented Nero ruled the world. Though our forms of government be liberal, are we not still tyrannized over by party politicians? In our schools, do the bigger boys always allow their smaller compatriots to enjoy equal rights with themselves? Is dictatorship entirely unknown in our villages? Even in our homes is it so very rare for some ambitious brother or sister to seize the reins of power and rule the family with a rod of iron? The village of Placentville was no exception from the general rule; the dictator in chief was Uncle Si.

He was a man of some rough shrewdness of character, and by dint of sharp trading and

close dealing had amassed what for that locality was a considerable amount of money. This he lent out to the farmers around, on mortgages at moderate rates of interest ranging from ten to fifteen per cent, taking payment in butter or other farm produce, and compelling his dependents to yield him implicit obedience. He would indeed be a bold man who whilst in Uncle Si's debt dared to dispute his word or trade elsewhere. Such acts of rebellion speedily called down the wrath of the dictator, the mortgage was foreclosed and the unhappy rebel driven from the village to begin the world afresh elsewhere. There were indeed a few fortunate individuals, who, either by their greater luck or industry, had managed to escape the widespread net of the village magnate, and could afford to be little more independent, but even these would not willingly enter into a controversy with Uncle Si, who by his superior eloquence and sarcasm, which indeed bordered upon the abusive, never failed to bear down all opposition.

As in the greater world the shortest way to popularity is success (O! How we all fall down and worship mammon, how we envy his favorite servants, and fight and scramble for the crumbs that fall from his table), so in the smaller village Uncle Si was surrounded by a crowd of eager flatterers, who openly doted on their idol and shouted his praises to the sky, whilst secretly they cursed him under their breath. According to these interested friends, Uncle Si was the wise man of the village; he was a veritable Solon. Whence came all this wisdom? What a gigantic brain he had! What a lot he carried under his hat! This last remark had possibly a sarcastic reference to the unkempt condition of his head, for to tell the truth soap was an item conspicuous only for its absence in Uncle Si's account of expenses. The object of all the loudly expressed dislike was the new parson, a young man who had just been deputed to take charge of the morals of the Placentville people, fresh from college and totally devoid of the prudent foresight displayed by older men in a similar position. He had commenced his work with all the generous enthusiasm of youth, heedless of consequences. It was his first discourse which had given such offence to the village critics—not a very learned or eloquent address. This they could have forgiven him, for rustic audiences are not exacting as to literary style. But in plain, unmistakable words he had lashed all the mean, petty trickery which forms such an essential part of country trading, shewing that to obtain money under false pretences was as dishonorable as to steal it, and that no upright, self-respecting person would lower himself to cheat in horse trading, together with sundry self-evident axioms which we all appreciate and carry out so strictly in our own commercial lives.

These were new and unwelcome doctrines in Placentville and caused soreness among the male population who felt that the new parson was taking unwarrantable liberties with his position. What right had he to discuss business in the pulpit? so they cried with one voice, "Let him preach the gospel," refusing to acknowledge that the said gospel could have any bearing upon their business lives. Strange people! From this unfortunate sermon rose a mountain of trouble, not that there was any overt act of hostility committed. Under the direction of Uncle Si he was left severely alone, he might preach but the male population was conspicuous by its absence, so was the money at the weekly collection, the women and children could go and hear him if they liked, but their lords knew better, his meagre salary was allowed to fall in arrears, his friendliest overtures sullenly rejected, and Uncle Si whilst exacting the utmost cent in price was always careful to see that his pound of currants should contain more than the normal proportion of little round black stones, and the sugar supplied to him should possess more than the usual amount of insoluble matter.

The new parson bore up against this opposition bravely enough at first, going cheerfully about his duties, meeting rebuffs with a smiling countenance, trying by all means in his power to gain the goodwill of his estranged people, but as month after month passed by and all his advances were met by the same sullen apathy, his heart began to fail him and he retired more and more within himself, and ceased trying to perform the impossible task of reconciling the villagers to him. He no longer visited the houses in the village, but tramped solitary miles through the snowy woods with no companion but his own bitter disappointment, and though he did not cease to faithfully admonish the empty seats in his church every Sunday, his discourses had lost their old fire and vigor, the end was not far off, and Uncle Si rubbing his hand as he stood behind his grimy counter, guessed for the benefit of his auditors that "the new parson was kind o' sick o' his place and would soon go."

The fall of the year had been ushered in with dark tempestuous weather and torrents of rain had swelled the much anathematized river far above its ordinary level, so that when the frosts of winter bound it in with chains of ice, the black current below swirled and fretted in the vain attempt to burst its fetters and rush onward free and unimpeded towards the distant sea. Fifty yards or so below the sawmill dam the winter road crossed the frozen surface, fair and white, with never a sign to show the fearful forces raging in confinement beneath only awaiting the slightest spring thaw to sweep away the solid looking tracks, and strew the river banks with the green pine branches used to stave out its course. At last the looked-for catastrophe happened. A spell of hard weather was followed by one or two soft days and the river gradually swelling in volume suddenly burst its bonds and came roaring over the dam a confused mass of logs, ice, and water onto the frozen surface beneath; instantly, with a roar as of artillery, the icy covering was broken up, winter road and all, and was swept downwards, grinding and churning in the foaming waters.

It so happened on that morning the horse trader, true to his business instincts and deaf to the new parson's admonitions, had sallied forth to trade a steed which had come into his possession a skeleton, and to which by dint of judiciously administered "washes" and sundry skilful dental operations he had contrived to

restore some of the bloom, though not the vigor, of its lost youth. The rejuvenated animal was attached to his sleigh, and the worthy, anxious for it to arrive as sound as possible in wind and limb, decided to take the easier river road, though it had been pronounced unsafe, rather than the safer and more tedious highway. He had scarcely reached the centre of the stream before the road broke up, and in a moment he and his horse were struggling for their lives in the foaming waters. With the latter the struggle was brief enough, for the chilly flood quickly quenched the flame of life in the worn-out beast, but the man battled desperately, calling for help and supporting himself upon an ice-covered log, which was swinging to and fro in an eddy. There was a cry of dismay from the bank as the few men, attracted to the spot, attempted hurriedly to launch an old scow (used in summer time for crossing the river), but it was a long operation, for the heavy boat was firmly imbedded in the frozen mud. It seemed as if it never would be in the water in time, the cries of the drowning man grew fainter and the water rose higher towards his white despairing face as his numb hands refused any longer to support the weight of his body. It was all over with him! But no, down the river bank bounded an athletic figure, it was the new parson. With a few hurried words he urged the men to greater speed, flung off his heavy coat and bounding across the frozen edge of the river plunged into the raging waters. The chilling cold struck into his body and seemed to paralyze his limbs but he kept boldly onward, the sharp ice cut his hands and bruised his body, and floating logs and broken timber threatened to crush out his life, but he reached the log at last and only just in time, for as he grasped it the horse trader's benumbed hands slipped from their support and he fell back with a low moan into the water. In a moment his rescuer seized him by the collar, and placing his arm round his body he waited for the coming boat. At last with a glad shout the men dragged the scow across the broken ice, and in a few moments it was coming down to them, beating its way through the water, propelled by all the force of willing arms. "Now, Parson," said one of the crew, after they had dragged the inanimate form of the horse trader on board, "Give us your hand," and he leaned down to draw him into safety, but even as he spoke a huge piece of timber struck the scow, driving it violently against the log, crushing the unfortunate man between them, and in another moment his body was whirled away down the stream among the broken ice and debris. They found his body later in the day, and carried it up to his house and laid it upon a bed.

"Wal," said Uncle Si to the assembled populace, who had met to discuss the events of the day in the store, "I must say he were a darned poor preacher, but he were the whitest man ever I see," and he brushed some crumbs of cheese off the counter into the sugar barrel with his hand.

EDWARD JOHN BAKER.

Chat From The Varsity.

The Knox College Glee club gave a concert in Dufferin Hall, Weston, on the evening of Friday, 27th ult.

A great many of the Knox students went to Parkdale one night last week to hear the Rev. Mr. Hall of New York. The expected speaker, however, did not arrive, and his place was filled by the Rev. H. M. Parsons.

Several changes have taken place in the Knox College residence. Mr. J. McD. Duncan has removed to Alexander street, and a number of freshmen have found their way into the building since the holidays.

The Varsity graduating class have made arrangements with Mr. Bruce for a class photo. The professors will be included in the picture, and a photograph of the building will also be inserted.

Among a large proportion of the students there is a strong feeling against the time-honored custom of hazing. Numerous letters have appeared on the subject. It is now proposed to give this sentiment a definite means of expression by the formation of a club, which shall be called the U. C. Non-hazing Union. A circular just issued the objections to the practice are briefly and pointedly stated. The condition of membership will be the signing of a declaration approving of the objects of the society, which are (1) that its members shall withdraw from any share in the hazing of others; (2) that protection against hazing shall be afforded to all members of the union; (3) to bring about the total discontinuance of the practice. This will be sought simply by the legitimate exercise of the influence of the club, and if possible without stirring up any bitterness of feeling. The suggestion originated with Mr. T. C. Desbarres, and many have already joined the union.

Mr. Gordon Waldron was elected president of the Modern Language club by acclamation, for the remainder of the session. The intended election was set aside, owing to some technicality of the constitution. Essays were read by Messrs. J. N. Dales and J. P. Hubbard.

The delegates from Queen's and McGill to the meetings held this week in Association Hall were tendered a reception in the University Y. M. C. A. building on Thursday evening from 5 to 7. Short addresses were given by Dr. Wilson, J. A. Sparling and others. Refreshments were kindly provided by ladies interested.

College life is seldom interrupted by an announcement sadder or more sudden than that of the death of Mr. Hal Miller at his father's residence, St. Alban's street, on Sunday last after a short week's illness. He had just entered on his college course with promise of brilliant success and was already known and loved by many of his fellow-students. The entire college will join in sympathy with his sorrowing friends.

Prof. Chapman's poem, East and West, is all the better in coming from a somewhat unexpected quarter. It will be read by many

besides the students, and who of them does not remember his interesting little stories which cluster round granite and hornbeam, and flavor the fossilized remains of the paleozoic age? By the way, 'my little book' will be somewhat ambiguous now.

Mr. W. A. Frost, M.A., will soon be ordained as a minister of the English church. His connection with a newspaper, which began after his graduation, has consequently been broken off, and his Cap and Gown column discontinued. Mr. Frost has succeeded in making items of college news interesting to the public, and our doings have generally been truthfully represented.

Queen's College had proposed to have an inter-collegiate debate with us. Their representatives will come here if accepted.

On the conversazione musical programme, besides the glee club, the following names appear: Mrs. Thompson and Miss Maud Burdette, Miss Jessie Alexander (recitation), Mr. Geo. MacGuire (clarinet solo), Miss Keys (violin solo) and four pupils of Carl Martens'. Toga.

## The Servant Girl Question.

SIR—Having read the article in SATURDAY NIGHT on the servant girl question, advising a course of special instruction for them, I feel sure that if lists were opened for names in the newspapers, or at some central place, there would not be any difficulty in getting a large number of ladies to give something towards a Training School for Servants, or Domestic College, or whatever it is to be, and when the lists were full, day might be appointed for them to pay in their subscriptions, elect officers, make rules and fairly start the enterprise. Yours faithfully,

SPERANZA.

SIR—It might not be a bad idea for the ladies employing domestic help, to meet and see if anything could be done towards improving the condition of working girls, by providing a place where they could be taught household work and cooking.

## A NOT-DISCONTENTED MISTRESS.

## An Accomplished Talker.

"That young Simkins is a very charming fellow. He was talking to me all the morning, and I was so clever."

"What did he say?"

"Oh, he didn't say anything, but he put it so well."

## An Honest Reply.

"What is your employment?" asked his honor of a prisoner arraigned for vagrancy the other day.

"Walking, sir."

"Where do you walk?"

"Well, that's according to which way the policeman is coming from."—Detroit Free Press.

## Morning Compliments.

A light little zephyr came flitting, Just breaking the morning repose. The rose made a bow to the lily, The lily she bowed to the rose.

And then, in a soft little whisper, As faint as perfume that blows:

"You are brighter than I," said the lily;

"You are fairer than I," said the rose.

## About Women.

Both the President and Mrs Cleveland are, by all accounts, thrifty and cautious people in regard to their expenditures. Mrs. Cleveland, it is said, never orders anything without the President's sanction, and that those know, say that he grasps the purse strings tightly and his fingers do not easily relax their hold. His wife does not rush blindfold into extravagance; on the contrary, she is averse to be in the habit of submitting the schedule of prices to her husband before she orders a bonnet or costume. She never gives her modiste carte blanche, as many fashionable women with more money to spend are in the habit of doing. The private fortune of the first lady in the land has been very much overestimated. Her personal income is a very modest one, and there is no doubt a good deal of cutting and contriving necessary to stretch it sufficiently to make both ends meet. Still, Mrs. Cleveland manages to keep up a deserved reputation for elegance. At the State dinner to the diplomatic corps, her dress was a poem in heliotrope and mauve. The pattern of moire was of the palest heliotrope blue. Down one side ran a latticework of pearl beads of the same tint, interlaced with gold threads and wrought in pincers. The panel alone cost, we are told, one hundred dollars, and the President's wife was delighted to add her class flower, embodied in its natural colors, and purchased the dainty bit of embroidery forthwith. Over the jupe was draped a polonaise of violet velvet with a similar garniture. With this elegant costume Mrs. Cleveland wore her hand-made parure of diamonds and the effect of the sparkling gems in contrast with the dark velvet was very striking. A street dress of mahogany cloth is spoken of as one of the most stylish suits to be seen in Washington, and it is most becoming to the creamy complexion and dark hair of Madame la presidente.

Since Dorenwend first appeared in this country as a manufacturer of HAIR GOODS, the great popularity of the hair has been increased.

The Dorenwend's Grand Display of HAIR GOODS To the Ladies and Gentlemen afflicted with Baldness, Thin & Gray Hair, Etc.

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**Personal Items.**

Messrs. G. W. Dunn, Miss Eva Dunn and Mrs. T. Alison are spending the winter in Toquay, south of England.

On Wednesday evening a parlor social was held at Hazledean, the residence of Mr. Edward Lawson, West Toronto Junction. A very considerable sum was raised for furnishing the new Methodist church of the village, now nearing completion.

Mr. George Beardmore gave a nice little spread at his house on Beverley street, on Wednesday evening, to the retiring officers of St. George's society. During the past year, under Mr. Beardmore's presidency, the society has been very prosperous. The annual meeting was held in Shaftesbury hall last night.

**George Belford.**

On Monday and Tuesday nights of this week Association Hall was well filled with some of the best people of Toronto to welcome back to Canada Mr. Geo. Belford, the talented young English elocutionist who delighted Toronto audiences eighteen months ago in his humorous and dramatic recitals. Mr. Belford appeared the first night at a disadvantage, having only arrived from New York that afternoon, but the hearty plaudits of the audience met his every effort, and he had to respond to recalls several times. He is young, good-looking and

without the least particle of vindictiveness. Outside of his office he is the same popular fellow as ever, and it is always a pleasure to be at one of his dinners.

particle of imagination—and imagination should always be largely in the command of an elocutionist's listeners to do him justice—could not fail to see portrayed the hurried signal along the line in the dark to prepare to charge! the fervid good-by and hand clasping, the mounting, the wild rush into the silent camp, the slashing sabre strokes and pistol shots in the desperate struggle, followed by the reforming of the line, the hard-breathing of horses and the "Well done, boys!" from the colonel.

Boots at the Holly Tree Inn, one of Dickens' quaint and humorous stories, followed. It showed careful study and evoked much laughter, but it must be said Mr. Belford seemed sometimes to forget the dialect. In fact, George Belford, and not Boots, at times spoke the lines. One of Mr. Belford's best efforts was

**Vocations of Women—Nurses.**

In reply to a correspondent who asks if shorthand writing is a good business for a woman of intelligence, the answer is "Yes," if she thoroughly masters her art, but the ranks are crowded with incompetents.

A lady inquires the way to enter the profession of hospital nursing. A letter to Dr. O'Reilly, of the Toronto Hospital, will doubtless secure the necessary information. Under the Nightingale Fund Scheme, as set forth in their book, the duties are described as very arduous.

"You are expected," says Miss Nightingale's instructions—for the fund was that raised as a testimonial to her by a grateful nation, and she personally, in applying it to found a nurse's training school, supervised the regulations—"You are expected to become skillful in the

those used for the secretions as well as those required for cooking. To make strict observation of the sick in the following particulars: The state of secretions, expectoration, pulse, skin, appetite; intelligence, as delirium or stupor; breathing, sleep, state of wounds, eruptions, forming of matter, effect of diet, or of stimulants, and of medicines. To take the temperature, pulse, respiration, and to learn the management of convalescents."

Any young lady who thinks that she has a vocation for nursing must ask herself if she feels willing and able to learn to do all this—and more. If so, she will read with interest the next article which I hope to write on the subject, giving particulars of how to enter on training for the nursing profession.

**Fashion Gossip.**

A correspondent of one of the English society papers writes of one of the Cinderella dances: The lights, too, are artistically subdued by having a kind of abat-jour, or, to coin a word, abat-gaz, interposed between them and the dancers, in the shape of golden yellow umbrellas inverted.

The gowns on Thursday were noticeably fresh for the most part, though one or two were more than soiled. I cannot find a prettily descriptive word to apply to the latter, so you must endeavor to imagine them. There is no nice word for things that are more than soiled, is there? Strange to say, one of the richest girls there had the soiledest gown on.

One or two women danced in trains, which I think is actionable. I saw several people stumble over these unexpected circumstances. One gray train was very funny. It stuck out at the back, just as though supported by a long curtain rod placed at an angle from the waist outward and downward. Neither of the train-wearers took the trouble to hold up their impediments, or even took in a reef by means of the usual loop, whereby a long dress is easily lifted clear from the ground.

A very pretty girl had done her hair a la Mary Anderson, and attired herself in a pink Empire frock. An unusually graceful dancer wore black with broad white moire ribbons brought down from the waist to the hem of the dress, and then turned upward again. Apropos of dancing, one girl kept her head on one side when she was waltzing, and never turned it. The effect was very ridiculous. A little lady in black struggled, and, as it were, propelled herself along, gasping, crimson, and dishevelled. One wondered why on earth she did it. It is so easy not to dance; and when it is such an unbecoming exercise as it certainly was in this instance, it would be well to abstain, if only out of consideration for others. A fair and elegant woman in black velvet had a wickedly small waist. She carried a fan of coral-colored feathers, which simply extinguished her coloring whenever she put it near her face. An exceedingly blonde little lady, with almost colorless hair and negative complexion, wore great silk unrelieved. It ought not to have suited her, but it did. There is no accounting for these surprising things.

A good gown, well carried, was in white satin, gathered in straight perpendicular lines with gold between. The bodice and short train were black velvet, the latter being lined with white satin. Two pretty sisters wore respectively black and white. They seemed in great demand, and no one who looked at them could feel surprised.

The sensible dances end at midnight, beginning at eight. This is ever so much better than beginning at ten or eleven and going on till two or three in the morning.

About children's frocks. For the year-old baby, two lovely little pelisses with bonnets to match. There is a lovely one of gold-colored matelasse cloth, edged all round with a band of beaver. The little bonnet is in velvet to match the cloth, with the quaintest wrinkles all round the brim, and is trimmed with cloth and beaver. Another is crimson matelasse cloth trimmed with a wide band of soft chinchilla fur. The bonnet is all a nest of fur, out of which the little face will peep deliciously.

Mrs. Fashion says that children ought never to wear patent-leather shoes; they encourage chilblains. Nor should they be given kid gloves for cold weather; the little hands cannot keep warm in them. Such things are a vulgar attempt to carry too much style.

**Grand Opera Concert.**

Among the treats of next week will be a concert in the Pavilion, on Tuesday evening, February 7th, in aid of the House of Providence and Orphanage at Sunnyside. It is proposed that nothing but selections from Grand Opera will be offered, and among the names of the leading artists in Toronto will be found Miss Harrita L. Cheney, Messrs. Schuch, Taylor, Kirk, etc. Lovers of music will do well not to miss this chance of hearing gems of Grand Opera, well rendered, apart from the assistance the small amount for each ticket will be to the two very deserving institutions named. Miss Cheney from New York City, who has studied Grand Opera under the special direction of Theodore Thomas, has charge of the programme and will doubtless give us something unusually fine.

**The Wages of Sin.**

All next week H. R. Jacobs' Co. will appear at the Toronto Opera House in the great melodrama *The Wages of Sin*. An exchange says: The piece abounds in many thrilling climaxes, which excite profound applause. Mr. F. McCabe's acting as George Brand, the curate, was very effective, and drew forth hearty rounds of applause. Mr. King Hedley, as Stephen Marler, acted the villain to perfection, and in his delirious tremens scene was applauded to the echo. Miss Etilka Wardell, as Ruth Hope, the unhappy wife of Stephen Marler, showed considerable dramatic power in a very trying part. Miss Annie Wood, as Jemima Blodges, formerly in the "coal and tater line," and Miss Alberta Gallatin, as Julian, her daughter, an aspiring actress, created rounds of merriment. The rest of the support is very good.

A little boy who had been used to receiving his elder brother's old toys and clothes recently asked—Ma, shall I have to marry his widow when he dies?



DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

For Letterpress see page 6.

George Washington Badgerow, for many years member of the Local Legislature for East York, whose appointment as county crown attorney continues to give such universal satisfaction, entertained the city and county officials at a dinner at the Reform club on Wednesday evening, when nearly a hundred people sat down and an enjoyable evening was spent. Mr. Badgerow presided, with Mr. T. C. Irving and Tom Bull in the vice-chairs. Hon. G. W. Ross made a very happy speech in reply to the Local Legislature and another in proposing the health of the host. But few men have the good fortune enjoyed by Mr. Badgerow of being sincerely congratulated by so large a circle of friends on the appointment to a responsible and lucrative post. In the discharge of his duties Mr. Badgerow has shown himself to be no respecter of persons, cool-headed, just, and

graceful, and possessing a soft and cultured voice, needed no other qualification to capture at once the approval of the fairer sex which comprised the larger portion of his hearers. There is little doubt but that Mr. Belford has improved his talents in England, and he now stands in the front ranks of elocutionists. His programme was arranged so as to pass from grave to gay, from lively to severe in well-ordered progression. *The Revenge*, by Tennyson, was rendered in a stirring manner. It relates the gallant fight the English warship under Sir Richard Grenville made against fifty-three Spanish men-of-war. Mr. Belford's rendition called forth vividly the stern instincts of war. Spirited declamation is his forte, and in this line the audience had a splendid exhibition in the *Midnight Charge of Kassassin*. In this the hearer with the least

heard in the Fall of the Pemberton Mill. In this by his facial expression, modulated tones and gestures which were themselves expressive of the horror and anguish of that fatal catastrophe, he so held the attention of his hearers that many tear-bedewed eyes bespoke his art. Rubenstein's *Piano* provoked almost uncontrollable laughter, and it was the gem of the evening. The entertainment of Tuesday evening, if anything, that of Monday. Mr. Belford's entertainments were of a highly pleasing and refined order, and he is to be congratulated on his success.

Bride (exchanging bridal costume for traveling dress)—Did I appear nervous at all during the ceremony, Clara? Bridesmaid (envyously). A little at first, dear, but not after George had said "I will."

dressing of blisters, burns, sores, wounds; in applying fomentations, poultices, and minor dressings; in the administration of subcutaneous injections. In the application of leeches, externally and internally. In the best method of friction to the body and extremities. In the management of helpless patients, i.e., moving, changing, personal cleanliness of, feeding, keeping warm (or cool), preventing and dressing bed sores, managing position of. In bandaging, making rollers, lining of splints, etc. In making the beds of the patients, and removal of sheet whilst patient is in bed. You are required to attend at operations. To be competent to cook gruel, arrowroot, egg flip, puddings, drinks, for the sick. To understand ventilation, or keeping the ward fresh by night as well as by day; you are to be careful that great cleanliness is observed in all the utensils,

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

## R. C. Y. Club Ball.

The description of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club ball will appear in the second edition, as it is held too late for insertion in the issue which has to catch the trains for the country.

## Out of Town.

MONTREAL.

It is said that over seven hundred invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Margaret Charlotte Smith, only daughter of Sir Donald A. and Lady Smith. The ceremony will be performed by his lordship Bishop Bond, assisted by the rector of Montreal, Dr. Horton, in Christ Church Cathedral at two o'clock on Wednesday, February 8. A reception will be held at the residence of the bride's father from three till five.

Two other fashionable marriages will take place before Lent, that of Judge Loranger, who is to espouse the charming young widow of the late Mr. Varin, clerk of the Court of Appeal; and that of Miss Desbarats, daughter of Mr. Geo. Desbarats, the well-known lithographer and engraver, who will be married to Mr. De Blaquier of the Bank of Montreal. Mr. De Blaquier is a descendant of Lord De Blaquier, who settled in Canada in the early part of the century.

A grand fancy dress ball will be given at Tononthe, the residence of Mr. Andrew Allan, on Shrove Tuesday.

Last week very charming leap-year ball was given at Ravenscrag, the residence of the family of the late Sir Hugh Allan.

On Wednesday evening the third of the fortnightly hunt balls took place at the Kennels, and proved a great success despite the unusually inclement weather. Even ten below zero does not daunt bright Canadian girls, when wrapped in warm furs and snug sleigh robes, especially when a brilliant ball-room lies before them as a beacon light. Much regret was expressed at the absence, through slight indisposition, of Mrs. Hugh Paton, the charming wife of the popular M. F. H. The guests were charmingly received by Mrs. Joseph Hickson, assisted by Mrs. J. E. Strathy. The committee, Messrs. A. Allen, C. Campbell, and C. Garneau were indefatigable in their efforts to make the evening enjoyable to all.

The Misses Wiman, Celine, and Whileby of New York were much admired, as were also many of our own society belles who graced the event.

On Saturday afternoon, February 4th, a large reception and dance will be given at the residence of Mr. Fred. T. Judah, Dorchester street. These five o'clock tea with dancing are becoming quite popular, especially among the young people, and there are several charming young girls in Mr. Judah's family.

A large reception and dance takes place this evening at the residence of Mr. Richard White on the occasion of his daughter making her debut.

A large juvenile party was given this week at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McDonough, 2 Milton street.

One of the most charming juvenile parties of the season was given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Donahue of St. Catherine street, while another most delightful affair was that by Mrs. L. M. Foster last Friday, when over one hundred little people were present.

The annual drive and dinner of the Contractors took place yesterday. The dinner was held in the Lawrence Hall, the president, Mr. Louis Allard occupying the chair, and among the guests were the Hon. J. A. Quinet, speaker of the House of Commons, the Hon. James McShane, the Hon. Boucher de la Bruyere, Messrs. L. O. David, M. P. P., E. Larena, M. P. P., the Hon. L. O. Taillon, Hon. W. W. Lynch, and many others.

The Rev. Dr. Norman, Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, leaves on the first of March to take the rectorship of Quebec. A testimonial will be presented to him by a number of his friends before his departure.

The Philharmonic Society under the able management of Professor Conture is doing good work this winter, as will be proved by the forthcoming concerts during the first week of April.

A most important meeting of our leading citizens was held in the Windsor Hotel this week. We understand the meeting was convened at the instance of Messrs. Dugald Graham and Mr. Hollis Shorey, two of our most public-spirited men; men whose opinions are well worthy consideration since they have each proved eminently successful in their own affairs. Mr. Graham moved: "That, in the opinion of this meeting, it is desirable to organize an association which shall have for its object the development and promotion of all matters calculated to improve the city of Montreal." Mr. Nolan Delisle seconded the motion, and the Hon. Louis Beaubien made a stirring speech full of wit and clever local hits, which quite roused the enthusiasm of the meeting. He declared that "If we had one-tenth the push of the people of Toronto or the United States we should have gobbled up the whole island before this." Several great schemes of improvement were brought up, and Mr. Graham and Mr. Shorey are now getting up the subject thoroughly to lay before the public their plans and projects for a complete reorganization of our city management and a public spirited organization of reform and progress.

A number of our wealthy citizens are spending the winter months in warmer climates. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Dawes and Mr. Duncan Robertson left for Florida this week. Mr. Andrew Robertson is now in Virginia.

Mrs. S. B. Shorey, with Miss and Master Shorey, are in South Carolina.

Mr. M. S. Foley, publisher of the *Journal of Commerce*, leaves for Florida with Mrs. Foley and family next week.

The Hon. Honore Mercier, with Mrs. Mercier, left for Florida, but is said to be now on his way to la belle France.

However, life in Montreal is not all balls and parties or merrymaking as wedding bells. Want and privation continually obtrude themselves even among the coteries of our highest class. Several sad cases of great and sudden reverses have lately been brought to our notice. One is that of a lady who three or four years ago ranked among the wealthiest and most exclusive, and is now obliged to part with her valuables to procure the necessities of life. Another sad case is that of a young couple who have two sweet children, and until very lately were in quite comfortable circumstances, the husband earning a good salary, to which they unfortunately lived up, without laying by anything for a rainy day. Now the husband has lost his situation, and they have been brought to the necessity of appealing to friends for help.

God help the poor in this bitter season! And God help those who, accustomed to every comfort, are suddenly brought to see their little ones in want.

GERVASE.

On Friday evening last the Clinton toboggan club opened the new slide, which is situated in the vacant field opposite Mr. R. Irwin's residence. The weather was all that could be desired, and everybody enjoyed it most heartily. The club started off very favorably with a membership of over eighty.

The bachelors are anxiously looking forward to a grand leap year party to be given by the ladies very shortly in honor of Mr. C. H. Smith, who is about leaving town for the West Indies. It is expected this will surpass any ball yet given in Clinton, as the ladies are working very hard to make it a great success.

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Miss McCrae of Hamilton is the guest of Miss E. Reeve.

Miss M. Cavin of Paris is visiting friends at the post office.

Miss N. Fair left Monday on an extended visit to Toronto and other eastern cities.

Mr. G. Hoare's huge band is making rapid progress, and the citizens are anxiously awaiting its first appearance. It is intended to make this one of the largest bands in Western Ontario.

RIDEAU HALL.

The following ladies and gentlemen were invited to dinner at Government House on Tuesday, January 24: Hon. J. A. and Mrs. Chapleau, Mrs. Crombie, Mr. and Mrs. Aylwin Creighton, Mr. and Mrs. F. N. and Miss Gibson, Mrs. Miss and Mr. T. C. Gordon, Captain and Mrs. Gourdeau, Rev. E. and Mrs. Hanington, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Haycock, Mr. and Mrs. T. Hotchkiss, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Lamontagne, Mr. C. L. Lawrence, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. T. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Powell, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Macdonell, Mr. and Mrs. D. Robertson, Dr. and Mme. St. Jean, Mr. and Mrs. D. Stark, Sir George Stephen, Bart., Dr. and Mrs. Thorburn, Capt. and Mrs. Tolter, Mr. and Mme. Trudeau, Mr. W. F. Whitcher, Mr. Wicksted.

NEWMARKET.

The Newmarket bicycle club held their annual supper at the Commercial hotel on Thursday evening, January 26. After the supper was over the tables were cleared and the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given followed by a number of volunteer toasts. The boys enlivened the evening by a number of club songs. Dr. Widdifield, M.P.P., Hon. President of the club, occupied the chair. There were about thirty present.

(Left over from Last Week.)

LONDON.

On Tuesday evening last Mrs. Blinn, Talbot street, entertained a large party of friends. Dancing was of course the chief feature of the evening, and was vigorously indulged in until three o'clock the following morning.

Thursday evening one of the Cirella club parties, given by Mrs. Simpson Smith, London south, was well attended, particularly by the young people. The distance from town no doubt accounted for the absence of many of the married people that you usually meet at these entertainments. Amongst those present were Mrs. W. R. Meredith, Miss Maude Meredith, Miss Constance Meredith, Miss Madelon Meredith, Miss Cameron, Mrs. Mackinnon, Miss Mackinnon, Mr. Anderson, Mrs. Le Moyne Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Macbeth, Miss Annie Macbeth, Miss McDonough, Miss Vosburgh, Mr. and Mrs. R. Macie, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm, Miss Chisholm, Miss Gordon, Miss Labatt, Miss McLennan, Miss Laing, Miss Graham, Miss Harris and Miss Rich, Messrs. Walker, Anderson, Thomas J. Labatt, H. Cronyn, Wadsworth, Wood, Dawson, Auriff, Kilgour, Reed, Calder, Gates, Taylor and H. Macbeth. Mrs. Simpson Smith and her daughters are such capital hostesses that failure to enjoy oneself at their parties would be an almost impossible thing.

Mr. W. Ramsay has come down from Calgarry to visit some of his old friends here. He has given such glowing accounts of his new home that we fear we shall lose one of our London belles in consequence.

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David Macpherson, K.C.M.G., and Thomas H. Lee.

These gentlemen and Messrs. George Gooderham, George W. Lewis, Alfred Gooderham, with Walter S. Lee as managing director, constitute the full Board.

At a subsequent meeting of the directors the Hon. Geo. W. Allan was re-elected president, and Mr. George Gooderham vice-president, also re-elected.

How Ella Wheeler Wilcox Looks at a Man.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the professional passionless poetess, has been resting from her poetry awhile in Chicago. Attacked by a Chicago News reporter she has expressed her sentiments on a particular subject as follow:

"I look at a man this way: He's good enough for a lover—ah! he is very nice for a lover—and does very well for a husband, but for a friend—ah! there is where he is lacking. \* \* \* That is the point, that is what you men want—the earth. Now, when I was a girl I was very fond of men—I am yet. But when I was a girl I imagined a man was superior to a woman in every way. I thought he would make the best friend in the world. But before long I began to know them better. A man is never a disinterested person. He wants something. He may be very nice and attentive and sweet to you but just watch him awhile and you'll see that he isn't going away empty-handed if he can help it. He wants value received, and if he makes up his mind that he isn't getting it that's the last you see of him. Where a woman is concerned friend has no meaning for him. A woman's best friend is another woman."

## JACOBS &amp; SHAW'S

## Toronto Opera House

Week Commencing February 6

MATINEES

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY

H. R. JACOBS OWN COMPANY

Presenting the greatest of all Melo-Dramas

WAGES OF SIN

INDORSED BY THE CLERGY.

Praised by the Press.

NO ADVANCE IN PRICES.

10 Cts., 20 Cts., 30 Cts. and 50 Cts.

SECURE SEATS AT BOX OFFICE.

Next Week, MCKEE RANKIN.

## Grand Operatic Concert

TO BE GIVEN IN THE

PAVILION, TUESDAY EVENING, FEB. 7

IN AID OF THE

HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE

AND THE

ORPHANAGE AT SUNNYSIDE

Among the names of the leading artists in Toronto will be found—Miss Hareeta L. Cheney, Mrs. Anglin, Messrs. Schuch, Taylor, Kirk, Signor Boucher and Mr. Carl Martens.

The increased volume of the Company's business rendered it necessary, during the past year, to further increase the Capital Stock, and the Directors therefore issued 10,000 new shares of Capital Stock, at a premium equal to twenty-five per cent. was called in. The whole issue was taken up and the premium carried to the Reserve Fund.

The vacancy occasioned by Mr. Platt's death has been filled by the election of the Manager, Mr. Walter S. Lee, to be a member of the Board.

The Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss account, together with the Auditors' Report, are submitted herewith.

G. W. ALLAN, President.

LIABILITIES.

To Shareholders.

Capital stock.....	\$1,400,000
Reserve fund.....	700,000
Contingent and guarantee fund.....	101,252
Dividend payable 8th January, 1888.....	66,157
	2,207,409
	To the Public.
Deposits and interest.....	\$1,292,807
Debentures and interest.....	2,641,002
	3,933,809
Sundry accounts.....	753
	6,202,072
	PROFIT AND LOSS.
Loans, secured by mortgages.....	\$5,907,995
Office premises.....	19,895
Cash in office.....	1,01
Cash in banks.....	24,044
Cash in bankers' hand in Great Britain.....	29,426
Sundry accounts.....	469
	6,202,072
	614 and 616
Cost of management, including salaries, rent, inspection, valuation, office expenses, branch office, etc.....	\$37,942
Dividends, compensation.....	5,690
Interest on deposits.....	133,19

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